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Vol. CXLV
No. 1899

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JUNE 13TH 1936

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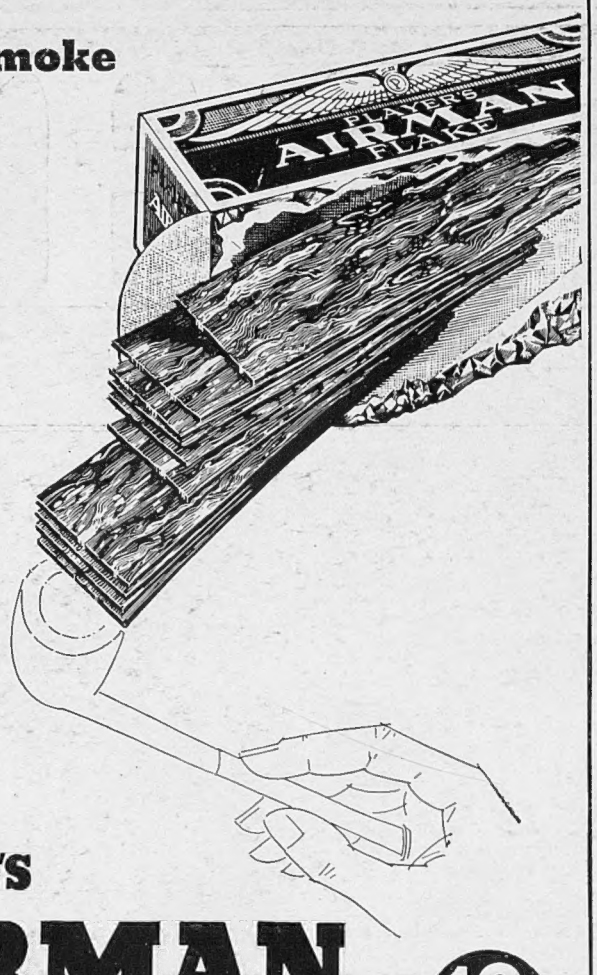

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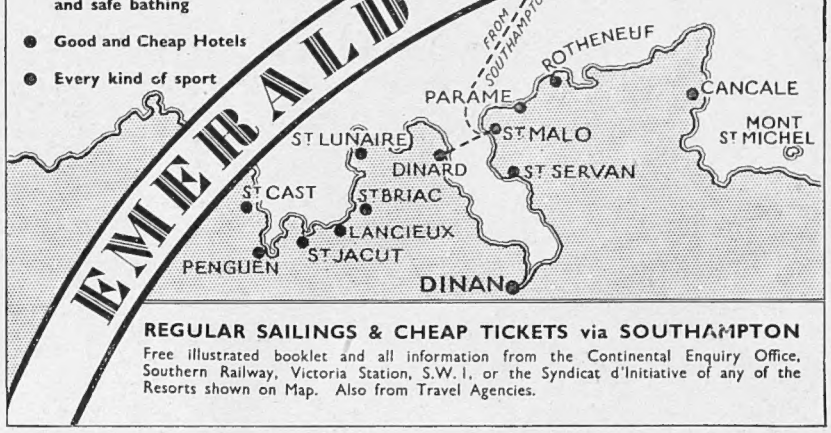

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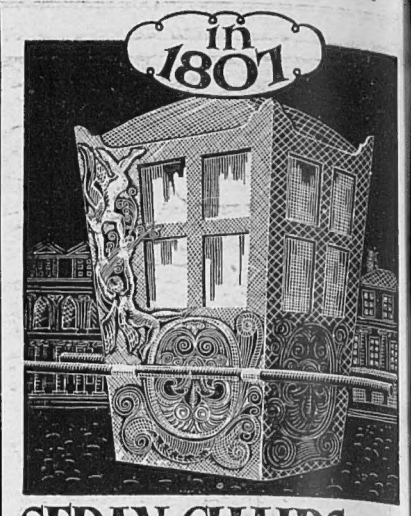

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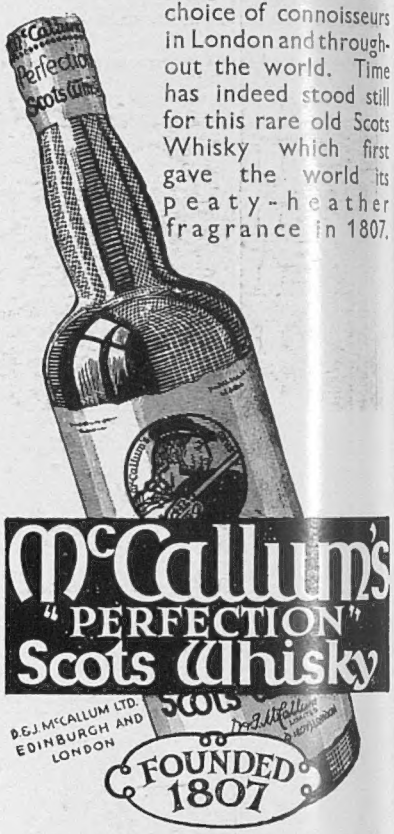

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By the City Editor

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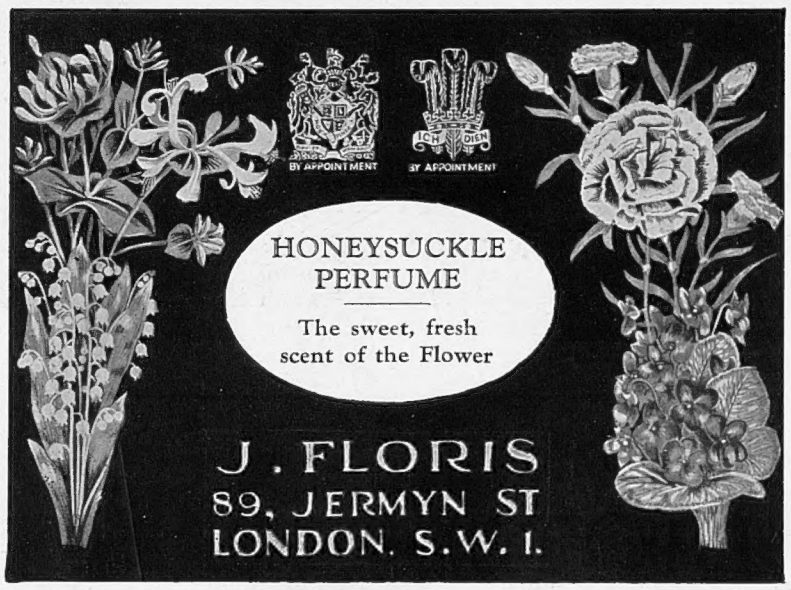

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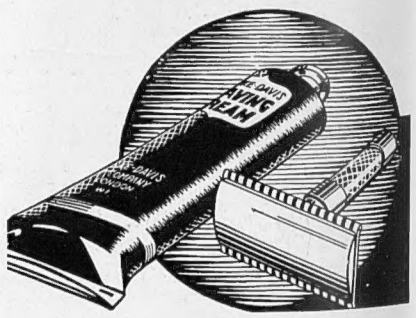

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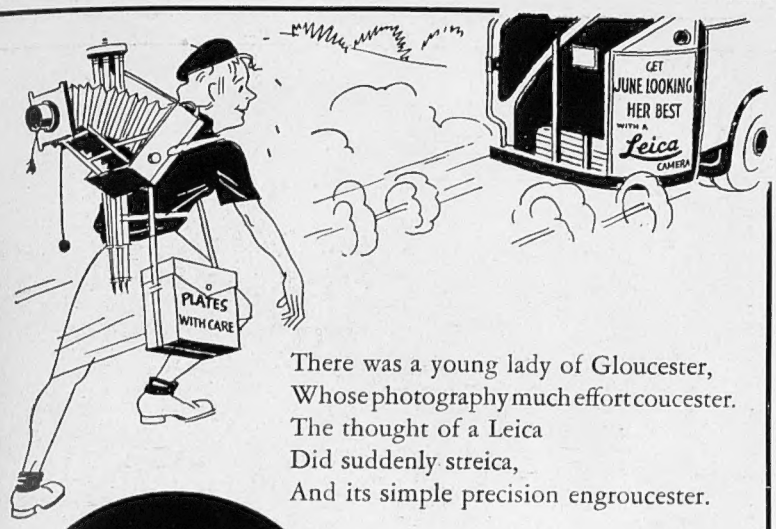

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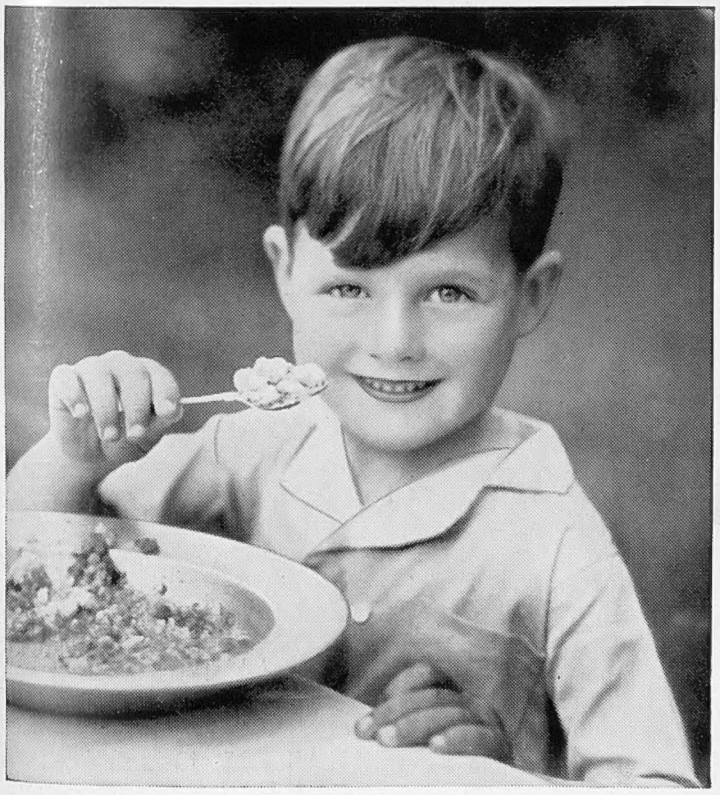

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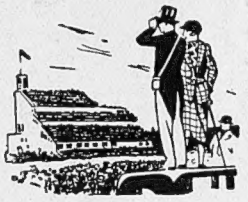

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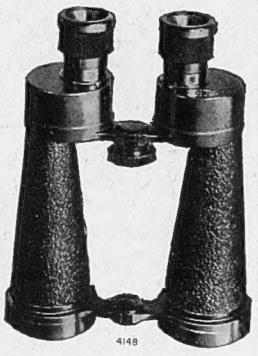

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 13, 1936

Europe's New Political Figure

M. Léon Blum, the French Prime Minister, Surrounded by Journalists after the Formation of His Left Wing Cabinet

M. Léon Blum has been called upon to face a crisis in the very first days of his Premiership, for the stay-in strikes reached such alarming proportions towards the end of last week that the business life of the country was temporarily paralysed, shops, factories, and offices being occupied by the employees until their demands for better conditions of labour were met. M. Blum immediately tackled the situation, and when he announced his New Deal, which has since received a vote of confidence, it was seen that he had boldly reversed the economic policy pursued by successive Governments during the past five years and was ready to push through at once Bills to provide for a forty-hour week, collective labour contracts, paid holidays, and the other claims of the workpeople, thus effecting reforms which in ordinary circumstances would have been spread over a long period. The Premier who is a Jew and whose family is of Alsatian origin, has been virtual leader of the Socialist Party for 17 years, but it is only now that he is beginning to loom large as a European political figure, and it was only in February that his name became widely known in England when he was attacked in the Paris streets by Royalists. He was born in 1872, and as a young man studied law, at the same time gaining a reputation as a writer. His conversion to Socialism took place in 1892 and he was elected to the Chamber in 1919, where he soon revealed himself a polished orator with brilliant powers of destructive criticism. His hobby is art collecting

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THE EXILED NEGUS AND HIS FAMILY REACH ENGLAND: Emperor Haile Selassie, Princess Tsahai, the Crown Prince, and the Duke of Harrar (right) pictured at Southampton where they disembarked from the Orient liner *Orford*, which had brought them from Gibraltar, and were greeted by Dr. Martin (2nd from left) the Ethiopian Minister to the Court of St. James's. They immediately left for London by special train

ENTHUSIASTIC SCENES AT WATERLOO: The big crowd which gathered outside the station to greet the Emperor and broke the police cordons just as his car was about to drive past—a spontaneous reception that was in contrast to the Government's cautious attitude towards the visitor. *Below*—Princess Tsahai before the microphone on the balcony of the Abyssinian Legation as she spoke on behalf of her father

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street,
E.C. 4,
Wednesday, June 10, 1936.

THE KING GEORGE MEMORIAL.—Mr. Baldwin was not quite at his best—he is normally an admirable broadcaster—in his Empire radio appeal for King George's Memorial. He seemed tired and lacking in inspiration. Perhaps one contrasted what he said and the way he said it with his other recent and more inspired utterances on the same theme. It makes no odds. The appeal is inherent in the plan and the response is certain to be world-wide and immense. With the best will in the world one cannot subscribe to every good cause. But this good cause stands out. It calls on our *pietas*, it taps the source of our deepest well of feeling, it compels us to come in. A great king is a rarity. An inspired ruler who in a time like this through which we are living could hold to what is good of the past without losing sympathy with what is new or the sympathy of the living, demands a memorial *aere perennius*. The practical form which his memorial is to take is assured of that abiding quality, for it is in the spirit of the late King. Posterity, if in the generations to come it seeks the memorial to King George V, may be directed to the Abbey site, or may, in whatever part of Britain the enquirer be, receive as aptly the answer, *circumspice*.

HAIL! SELASSIE.—The Negus received from the public a welcome in London which is due to a brave man who, cruelly wronged, did his best for five months to defend his kingdom. It was a welcome the heartier by the fact that the British public inevitably feels that, in regard to Abyssinia, certain facts and events have done outrage to justice, honour, and humanity, and that, despite our spasmodic efforts, Abyssinia was thrown to the wolves for the greater safety of greater Powers. Naboth has lost his vineyard (which very possibly was not in an advanced state of culture) but retains his panache. He is wise not to remain here long but to go to Switzerland—a "less controversial" country. The British Government for generations has willingly shouldered a measure of embarrassment in order to maintain this country's deservedly high reputation as the first "pouting place of princes," the haven of deposed sovereigns. But times are critical and tempers short in Europe, and it is best that Haile Selassie should have as few semi-official interviews with our Ministers and the Press as possible—more especially while our policy in regard to the Abyssinian question remains undisclosed if not unformulated. The Negus apparently is grateful to Britain—he has said so at least, and it were inquisitive to ask him why. We do not wish to inspire him with fresh hopes which may bring further bitter disappointment. The first rule for exiled kings in this haven is that they pass their entire time in innocent diversions and none of it in propaganda and negotiations of a political character. Otherwise trouble is brewed for ourselves and our royal fugitives.

THE LEAKAGE REPORT—LAST WORDS.—So much has been said about the Leakage Report that all sanity directs that I should add as little more as need be. Britain, thank God, is cleared of the suspicion of corruption in public life. Her officials, high and humble, retain their reputation for fine integrity and incorruptibility. "Stavisky" is not a British national game, and while we continue to investigate the first rumours of an indiscretion with speed, dignity, and utter impartiality, it never will become so. Rumour and hearsay played inevitably a big part in the investigation, and that fact not only hurt innocent people but hurt the susceptibilities of three great lawyers and even hampered the defence of parties whose conduct was investigated. But the tribunal was well able to separate hearsay from legal evidence before it reached its unanimous findings. What shall I say of Mr. Thomas? A word of sympathy. It was not found against him that he made any Budget disclosures deliberately for direct personal gain. For what he was found to have done, he had already received before the finding punishment a hundred-fold—a thousand-fold. He has the gift of friendship, and here he has been unlucky in his friends. If he had been found to have made disclosures deliberately for private gain, even so one might have urged in some extenuation that in his life he had known the carking and constant anxiety, which millions alive know, which comes from the lack of a settled and sure independence. He has known what it is like to wonder whence will come next week the money for bare subsistence. But it was not so. He was unlucky in his friends. Two of them were professional speculators, aud with professional speculators the chance of gain overrides all consideration for others. Sometimes—when very shrewd men are concerned—a wink, no doubt, is as good as a nod. Mr. Thomas has fallen. He has been found to have shown grave indiscretion, none more grave than in the choice of his friends. Such indiscretion was unworthy of a Minister of State, or indeed of any public man holding a position of confidence under this Government. And for this again thank God. For constituencies it is another thing. If any be content to be represented in Parliament by professional speculators, that is their affair. As for Mr. Thomas, the Court of Enquiry has certainly not classed him in that category. The City! Is it strange that one sometimes wonders why the decent element that does its necessary work under that hateful, heterogenous, loose label, does not insist on a cleansing and re-organisation of those Augean stables that congregate round the Royal Exchange, and resolve at long last to create an effective regulating body as the learned professions have done? For hard-working bankers, insurance men, stockbrokers and so forth to be loosely grouped under a common label with professional speculators whose City business is almost entirely confined to, and defined by, personal gain, must, I should think, be very humiliating.

FIRST COMMISSIONER AND FIRST LORD.—The office of Colonial Secretary having been admirably filled, the office of First Commissioner of Works remains to be filled. Mr. Ormsby-Gore, so far as hard work ahead is concerned, is out of the frying pan into the fire. For with Coronation year ahead the Office of Works has an immense amount of responsibility in the preparations for the great ceremony. Apart from the special labours of the coming year, the office has grown in importance as the public has gradually wakened to a sense of responsibility for Britain's wasting heritage. A man of taste and culture and vision is to-day essential for the office which has in a

sense been "created" by the late holder. It may be that one day some social historian will examine and set on record the conduct of the Office of Works and public buildings during the last years and show how much we have gained and how much shame we have been spared by a First Commissioner of taste, knowledge, industry, and vision. Beautiful monuments destroyed or left to decay cannot be replaced. Hideous new public buildings and decorations remain a *damnosa hereditas* for at least three generations. Wars, motor-cars, aeroplanes, pass — art remains. That is why the Office of Works is one whose chief should not be light-heartedly chosen. At the time of writing the post remains to be filled. But Lord Monsell's has been filled. Sir Samuel Hoare returns to the Cabinet to increase his experience of departments of State. He will be able to test as First Lord and at first hand his impression as Foreign Secretary of the weakness of our naval arm. He will perhaps have it in his power to make things easier for a less vacillating policy in foreign affairs. He returns a little earlier than he could have expected, thanks to unforeseeable events. It's an ill-wind. . . . .

M. BLUM AND HIS FRIENDS.—Mr. Thomas is not the only man in the public eye who may be saying "save me from my friends." M. Blum is another. The forces which drove him to power have already like an uncontrolled torrent burst over the peaceful countryside, carrying M. Blum before them, a very embarrassed householder with his house by no means in order. The Labour Unions could not afford to wait even for the necessary period of Cabinet making. M. Blum came in on a ticket presented by the extreme Left, which in France is particularly dominated by Soviet propaganda. A far-reaching improvement in workers' conditions of life was a main plank in his programme of reform. The triumphant supporters became drunk with his party's victory and demanded the millennium within a week. The strike, as a peaceful gesture, was not at first displeasing to M. Blum. But soon it got out of control of the union leaders, was highly embarrassing to the new Prime Minister, and began to antagonise the nation. Either the strikers had to be weakly bought off by blank cheques or M. Blum's first obvious task was to restore order and save the franc. If he failed to do those things his Government would fall like a house of cards, and France could expect another period of grave uncertainty and quick-change Cabinets. Those who for ever have their eyes on the Rhine must still feel the situation to be enormously risky. M. Blum chose quickly and chose the easier way—a blank cheque for the complete workmen's charter signed at the pistol-point. It is an astonishing situation—a French revolution of first-rate import.

MISSING MAIDS.—*The Times* Labour Correspondent devoted two columns on Whit Monday to an examination of the causes and remedies for the shortage of domestic servants, a shortage which has closed hundreds of British homes, and driven innumerable families to the nomadic life of hotels and boarding houses and service flats. The prime causes of the refusal of suitable girls to take service are said to be: (1) the lure of employment (with fixed hours) in shops and offices: (2) the inconsiderateness of employers. Neither of these is the main cause of the appalling deficiency in the southern counties. Employers, so far from being inconsiderate, probably err on the side of consideration, if they are so lucky as to enveigle an English girl into their service. They share the work, pay fares to the nearest cinema, provide all uniform, and give the best they can in bed and sitting-room accommodation, encourage "followers," and would as soon dream of interfering with the regular "times off" as of stealing the crown jewels. A prime cause of the deficiency is the road house and summer restaurant. These offer employment, with good remuneration including tips, for half the year, which enables girls to live at home for the winter months on their savings. Another cause is patently cinemania. If an employer lives more than a mile or so from a good cinema no English girl will look at her. In one small village known to me, and by this time to the Labour Ministry, the census of foreign girls forms a high percentage of females domestically employed. Almost every house, which employs servants, has one or two, and the German or Scandinavian tongues are as commonly heard as English in the lanes. The village has no cinema and the bus to the market town takes over ten minutes. It is an outpost of Empire, though but one-and-a-half hours from London.

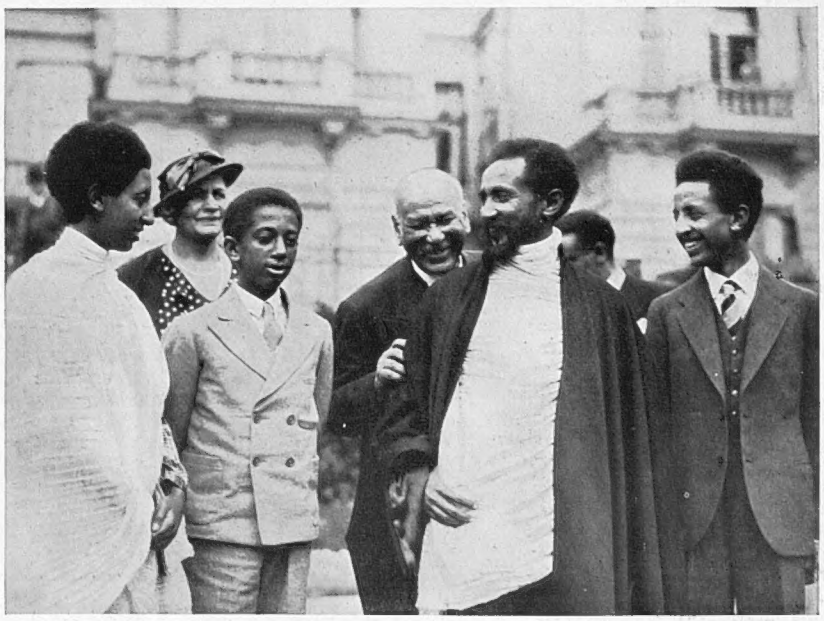
THE PRIME CAUSE.—But the chief cause of all is the weakmindedness, folly, and blindness of village mothers who spoil their girls from childhood and bring them up to regard domestic economy as unworthy of their high destiny and the art of cooking or keeping house as a relic of the Dark Ages. Are there not tinned foods? Village girls are educated to expect from life the gilded romance of the films, and to grouse at, and revolt from, all rules and system, the mildest discipline and the most rudimentary training in domestic economy. There should be a school for mothers before there is a school for domestic servants, if the problem is to be tackled in our time. A democracy which is not fit to retain its own children in the home does not deserve the liberty and intense respect which Governments pay it. The English girl of the lower class is already the silliest and least efficient of any of her kind in Europe. She has been brought to ruin by the vulgarity of the films and the stupidity of her mother. It is such reflections as these which make one dream of an enlightened dictatorship even in this free, "prosperous" and enlightened land. For years to come, the most effective education which such girls could receive would be the discipline and training supplied by sensible parents in a well-run home. None know better than Ministers of Education how true this is. But Ministers of State are unfortunately slaves to a Bogy.

By the OLD STAGER

LIDO.—The Chairman of the Grand Union Canal published a very clear, serious, and gentle apologia for his Board's decision to christen the public swimming bath (late Ruislip reservoir) a "Lido." *The Times* a few days before had politely chastised his Board as panderers to "bathing snobs." He admits a dislike of the modern tendency to call common place things by high-sounding names. I do not myself believe the tendency is modern. I rather fancy it is a very normal reaction. I believe the same tendency was prevalent in the "Romantic" era around 1800. In truth it is not often in our history that we come across eras when simple words were in favour or English words given preference. It is unusual for Englishmen to call a spade a spade when (dazzled by the kaleidoscope of journalistic expression) they can find many long and foreign words to describe it. What does "Lido" suggest to the romantic bank clerk or typist? A golden strand set beside an emerald sea, on which are stretched burnished and bare counts, dukes, and film stars and gleaming, copper-tinted maidens, with white and gold restaurants, with tables for two, and Romance with a big R, in the background. Very well. If this Italianate word can suggest so much of colour and hope to lives too often drab, there is every justification for its use. What are words for but to serve our ends? What are our ends but to increase the colour of life without harming our neighbour? The prevalence of foreign-derived words in our authorised English dictionaries proves how deep-rooted has been the tendency to borrow and to inflate since our history began. True, "Lido" suggests something less glorious to you and me and the cultured leader-writer. But you and I and he are *pars minor* of our great nation. A still, small voice, not much noticed in the loud speaker's racket.

A GRACEFUL GESTURE: Mrs. Olive Muir, the authoress, presenting Emperor Haile Selassie with a bouquet as he stepped from his car on arrival at the Abyssinian Legation. The exiled monarch was greeted officially by Mr. P. C. Harvey, private secretary to Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, thus following the customary procedure when incognito visits are paid by royalty

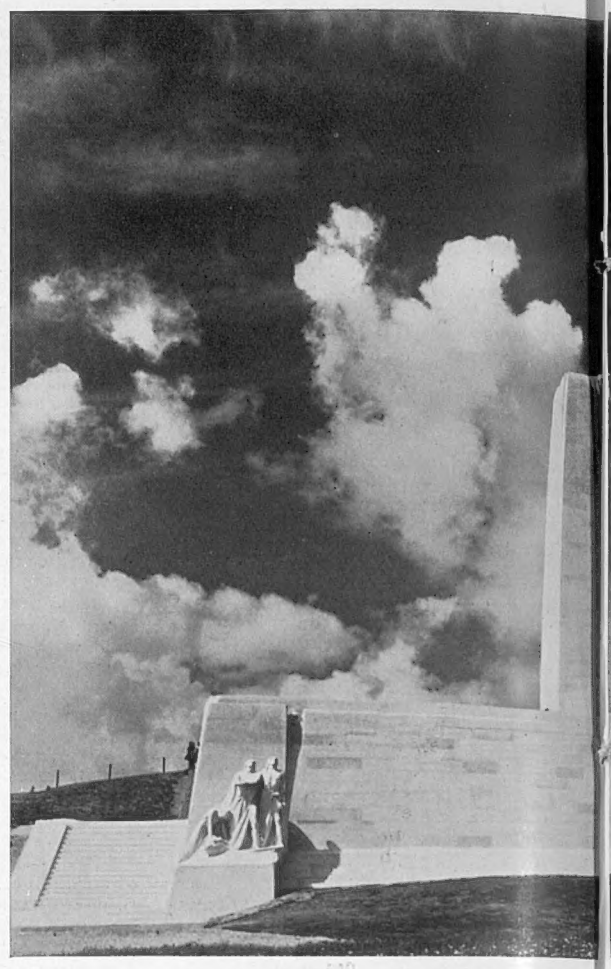
A STROLL IN THE GROUNDS OF No. 6, PRINCE'S GATE, Haile Selassie's temporary home in London. Dr. Martin, the Minister, is walking with His Majesty, and just behind them and towards the left are the Crown Prince and the young Duke of Harrar. Since his arrival the Emperor has received a call from Mr. Eden, but the visit lasted only about twenty minutes and politics were not discussed



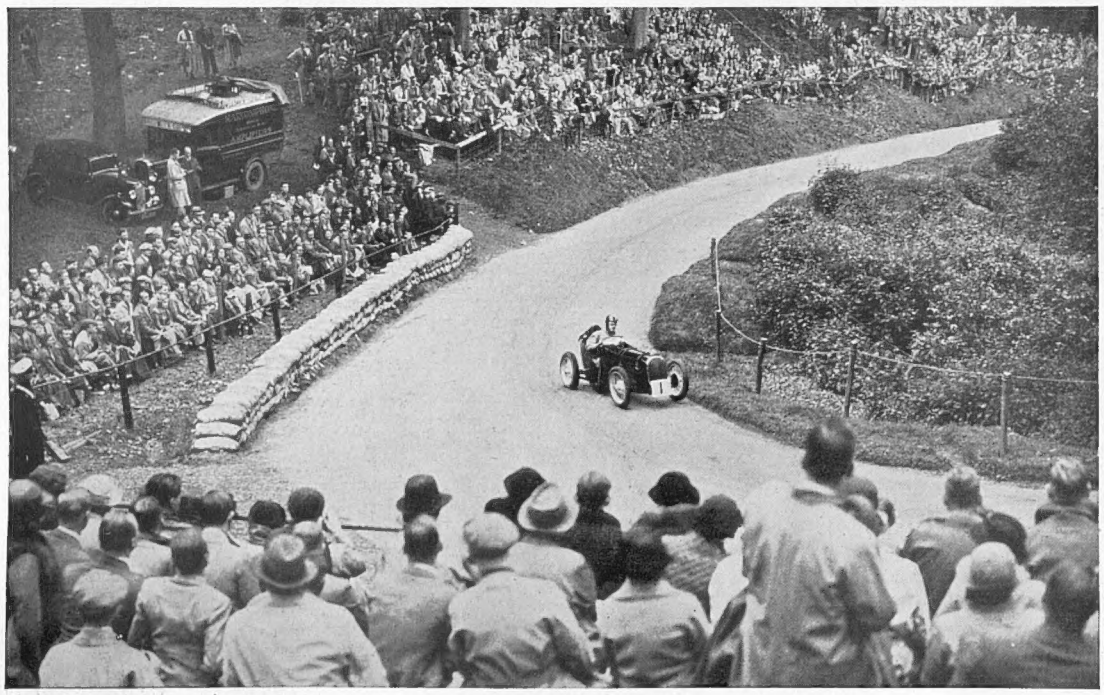
ANOTHER FAMILY GROUP: Princess Tsahai, who acted as a nurse during the war, the Duke of Harrar, Dr. Martin, Haile Selassie, and the Crown Prince. The last named led one of the armies in the field towards the end of the campaign

HAPPENINGS AT

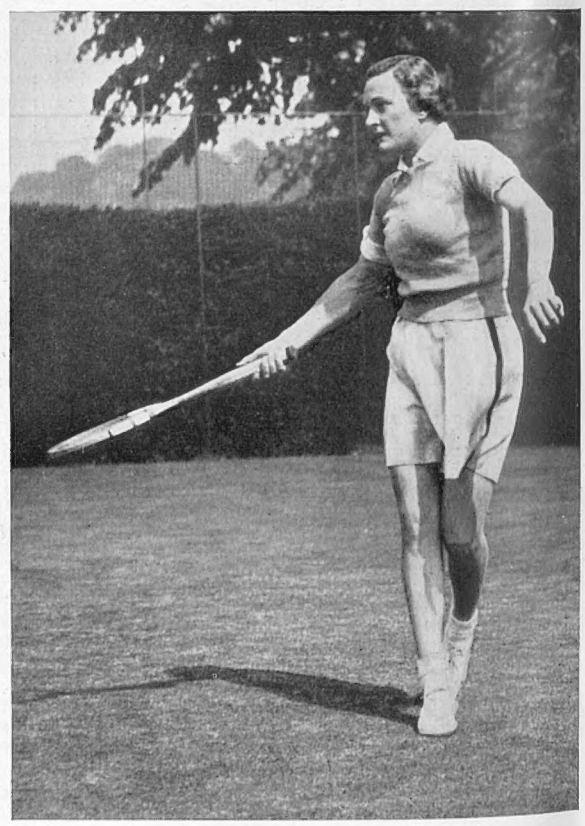
THE KING IN THE WEST COUNTRY: His Majesty inspecting members of the British Legion at Stoke Climsland during his motor tour of the Duchy of Cornwall estates last week when he carried through an arduous one-day programme which included visits to Exeter, Bradninch, Princetown, and Tavistock, at each of which he received a tremendous welcome from the vast crowds that gathered to greet him. Although the purpose of the tour was to renew old associations with Duchy tenants, there was an intervention of civic ceremony at Exeter where, on the eastern boundary, the Royal car was halted to enable the Mayor to tender the sword of State



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MEETING AT BISLEY: Flight-Lieutenant R. N. Clarke on the ranges at this week's meeting of the R.A.F. Rifle Association which lasted from Monday to Friday. The entry was rather lower than in recent years, largely on account of the difficulty of sparing N.C.O.s and leading aircraftmen from training duties



TAKING THE "S" BEND AT SPEED: Mr. A. R. C. Maclachlan cornering in his Austin in the thirty-first International Hill Climb held last Saturday at Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire, when some sixty British and foreign drivers competed. The winner was Raymond Mays who negotiated the difficult course in 41⅘ seconds, only two seconds more than his own record time, achieving this in spite of the fact that he was able to use only his second best car, the other having to be withdrawn at the last moment on account of carburetter trouble



HELEN II: Miss Jacobs practising for the Wightman Cup and for the forthcoming championships. In 1935 she was defeated in the final of the Singles at Wimbledon by Mrs. Moody and she has an outstanding chance of victory this year as her great rival will not be competing

HOME AND ABROAD

TO BE UNVEILED BY KING EDWARD: The Canadian War Memorial on Vimy Ridge -consisting of two massive pylons with sculptured figures rising from a base 237 ft. in length—has now reached completion after fourteen years work involving an expenditure of £250,000 and is to be inaugurated by His Majesty on July 26. *On left*—Mr. Walter Allward, the sculptor and architect of the Memorial

A POTENTIAL CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: *Endeavour II*, the new "J" class yacht, which Mr. C. Nicholson has designed for Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith with a view to winning the coveted yachting trophy, about to enter the water as she was launched at Gosport on Monday. She is to begin her racing career at Falmouth this month

THE FEW AGAINST THE MANY: A handful of armed police, some carrying shields to afford protection against missiles, dispersing an Arab mob in the streets of Jaffa where Palestine riots have been at their worst. The Arabs are actively protesting against Jewish immigration and the sale of land in Palestine to the Jews, and so formidable have they become that the garrisons throughout the country have had to be strengthened. The Jews have attempted no reprisals

TWENTY YEARS AFTER: The dedication service in progress at the base of the 250 ft. Laboe Memorial, representing a ship's prow, which has been erected on the shores of Kiel Bight in memory of the 34,836 naval officers and men who lost their lives in the war. The ceremony took place on the eve of the anniversary of the Battle of Jutland

THE FRENCH ST

A Week of Unprecedented Industrial

THE SIGN OF THE CLENCHED FIST: A Paris engineering works where all business came to a standstill in the middle of last week and the men locked themselves in, refusing to leave until the new Government took office and signalised its intention of granting their demands, which included the creation of a forty-hour week, holidays with pay, and the recognition of the right of the men to belong to trade unions. The strike affected practically the whole country, and on Monday it was estimated that about 1,000,000 workers were idle and 1,500 factories were occupied. Some of the men in this picture, who are seated on their sleeping pallets, have their hands raised in a salute of the Soviet style

THE THIRST FOR NEWS: A "blackleg" street bution workers who did not strike, surrounded by journals of the "Left" have been making their duced in size owing to the shortage of paper, two Conservative organs, tearing up copies of composing room. Meanwhile provincial papers car-

THEIR DEBUT IN THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS: Mme S. Lacorre (left) Under Secretary of State in charge of child welfare, and Mme Brunschvig, Under Secretary of State for Education, pictured at the opening meeting of M. Blum's Socialist-Radical Cabinet. This is the first time in French history that women have been admitted to high office and this in spite of the fact that members of their sex are not enfranchised. *Below*—Employees of a Paris night club—musicians, professional dancers, and waiters—who decided on a stay-in strike as a protest against high taxation

COLLECTING FOR THE CAUSE: A Labour leader receiving a donation from a taxi driver when raising funds with which to buy food supplies for strikers. There were quite a few taxis running in Paris but some of the northern cities were badly hit as regards transport, and in Lille everything was at a standstill

Recent events in France have provided a disturbingly close parallel to those in Spain, with the parties of the "Left" climbing into power by constitutional means, and the Communist element then using strike action on a nation-wide scale as a means of asserting its authority. Fortunately, however, the parallel is not quite complete, and whereas in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, and the other big cities of the Peninsula there have been scenes of violence and bloodshed, the workers of Paris and the French provinces have, on the other hand, for the most part eschewed such methods, believing doubtless that peaceful tactics were best calculated to win sympathy for their cause.

Throughout the second half of last week the strike gathered force; railway, textile, hotel,

AY - IN STRIKE

Dislocation in Paris and the Provinces

vendor (right) one of the few Paris newspaper distri- clients eager to learn the latest tidings. Only the appearance regularly, and even these have been re- wri on Saturday workers raided the offices of *Int sigeant*, and destroying type in the *Paris Soir* rice on, profiting by the absence of Paris competition

"LAFAYETTE WE ARE HERE"! Some of the 6,000 employees of the noted Paris store, Galeries Lafayette, who were among the shopworkers who adopted stay-in tactics, being served with soup by a sympathiser. The Printemps, the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville, the Magasins du Louvre, and all branches of the Monoprix and Uniprix—one price stores—were also closed to business, some because the staff was on strike and others because the management decided that it was no good attempting to do business until conditions in the country returned to normal. The most outstanding feature of the past week's events has been the comparatively orderly behaviour of the people under very trying circumstances

EVEN SPORT AFFECTED: Caddies of St. Cloud Golf Club with a flag bearing a representation of the Communist hammer and sickle sign. Among their demands to the club were that in future no one under fifteen should be employed and that players should not be allowed to exercise the right of choosing caddies. They must take them in rotation

WHILING AWAY THE WORKLESS HOURS: Women stay-in strikers at a textile factory pass the time by knitting. In some works quite elaborate concerts were staged, and the voluntary services of professional artistes were secured in order to strengthen the programmes, but by far the largest majority devoted the days to discussing the situation. *Below*—Food arriving for the self imprisoned employees of the Meunier chocolate works at Levallois. As most of the shops were without supplies the question of obtaining sustenance for the strikers became acute

newspaper, telegraph, and other industrial workers refusing to leave their places of business until the Government agreed to their demands. It was with such a situation that M. Blum had to cope when he assumed office a few days ago, and it occasioned no surprise when he announced a sweeping programme of reform, making outstanding concessions to the working classes and new tax demands on the wealthy. This declaration of policy won the Ministry a thoroughly satisfactory vote of confidence at the first meeting of the Chamber, and was generally applauded in the country, but it did not have the effect of bringing the strikes to an end immediately, many of the workers remaining in occupation of the factories in order to bargain with their employers and to gain their assurance that the new reforms would speedily be made operative.

THE "QUEEN MARY" ARRIVES

And Other Matters of Interest

MANHATTAN'S WELCOME: *Above on left*—The *Queen Mary*, escorted by a fleet of pleasure steamers, as she made her way past the giant skyscrapers up to her berth in New York docks at the end of her maiden voyage which she completed in such fast time in spite of the intervention of fog. *Above on right*—The vast throng that gathered to greet the vessel at Battery Point, which lies at the seaward end of the City. They gave her a tumultuous reception

ENTERING PIER 90: Looking along the top deck of the *Queen Mary* towards the berth which has been specially built to accommodate her vast bulk, and into which she was eased without a hitch. The pier is more centrally situated than the present Cunard docks, most of the hotels and two stations lying within a mile of it

EIGHT MONTHS OLD: A striking picture of Prince Edward, son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, taken by William Davis, "The Sphere's" special photographer, in the gardens of Belgrave Square where the young Prince goes for his morning outing with his nurse. He will celebrate his first birthday on October 8

IMPROMPTU MOTOR SHOW: Some of the 250 cars which brought over 180 players and their friends to Wentworth last Monday, when the Car Mart held its golf tournament. Needless to say the event was an outstanding success, and between 400 and 500 guests sat down to lunch after the morning's play

FOREIGN SURVEY

News from Five Countries

ASTRID THE UNFORGETTABLE: The French President, M. Albert Lebrun (second from left), standing before a portrait of the late Queen of the Belgians when he recently visited the exhibition held in her memory in Paris—a display that has attracted immense crowds. Towards the right of the big canvas are pictures of Leopold III and of his son and heir

EGYPT'S NEW MONARCH: King Farouk reading over the typescript before making his first broadcast address to his people from the Royal Palace in Cairo. He is due to attain his majority as a sovereign in 1937

TAKING IT BADLY: Señor Primo de Rivera, leader of the Spanish Fascists, and son of the former dictator, who was recently sentenced in Madrid to a term of imprisonment for illegal possession of arms. One report states that on hearing the verdict of the court he leapt on the President's dais and hurled insults on the magistrates, at the same time sweeping to the floor all the legal papers and a figure of Justice

AUSTRIA'S IRON CHANCELLOR: A striking study of Dr. Schuschnigg, who recently created such a sensation by the deposition of Prince Starhemberg from all his important positions, thus putting an end to what almost amounted to dual leadership in the State. Last week the Chancellor paid a surprise visit to Italy, and it was reported in some quarters that among the subjects he discussed with Mussolini was the question of a Habsburg restoration

KING AND REGENT: Peter II of Yugoslavia, wearing the uniform of the national youth movement, pictured with Prince Paul, chief of the Regency Council, at a recent review of the Royal Guard in Belgrade

THE FAMOUS GALATA BRIDGE, ISTANBUL: A picture that epitomises the go-ahead life of the Turkish seaport to-day

Turkey's Wicket Gate

The Bosphorus Comes to Life Again Under the Kemalist Regime

By MICHAEL LANGLEY

A BRITISH vessel, well known for cruises in the Mediterranean, recently brought her passengers up from Athens, through the Dardanelles and across the Marmora Sea to the juncture of the Golden Horn and the maritime river of the Bosphorus. There she anchored off Seraglio Point, the site of the old palace of the Sultans. A star and crescent was hoisted, recognition of the hospitality of Turkish waters. A tender drew alongside and the usual company of Customs men, police in grey and red uniforms, agents and officials boarded the liner.

With some deference the police inspector turned to the first officer, who had greeted him at the top of the gangway. "You are not flying the Turkish flag," he said.

"But surely. We always run up the courtesy flag in a foreign port."

"That is not the Turkish flag, though."

The first officer sent to the chart-room for a book of national flags. "There!" He pointed to the familiar star and crescent on a red background.

"Yes, but the one you are showing has seven points. The Turkish star has only five."

The servants of the old Ottoman Empire were never considered highly for their powers of observation; they were better schooled in the art of what to overlook. But here was a policeman who, like many of his contemporaries, had grown up under the comparatively alert regime of Kemalism; whose sharp eyes suggested that the easy-going life of old Constantinople had disappeared along with the use of that name and that the people of Istanbul were impatient to raise the dignity of a city situated on one of the most vital waterways in the world.

And it is undoubtedly a major concern of the Turkish Government to re-create Istanbul, no longer dependent, as it used to be, upon taxes from the provinces, the presence of wealthy merchants, trading under the protection of capitulations, and a business turnover which it enjoyed as a centre of exchange with the countries of the Balkans, Middle East, and Near Asia.

A period of decline necessarily followed the transference of the seat of government to Ankara. Members of the diplomatic corps and of the State departments moved into the heart of Anatolia. Many of the old wooden houses of Istanbul were abandoned for modern villas in the new capital. Harem annexes, reached by little bridges built across the road in Bosphorus villages, fell into complete disuse. The international population dwindled, capital was withdrawn and in Levantine Pera, a quarter of business houses and banks, shops began to close or else desperately to retail sweet confections, yougourt, and other essentially Turkish products.

But since the inception of a State organised industrial plan the regeneration of Istanbul has gained pace. The heavier industries, subsidised through the Etti or Hittite Bank, are, of course, located in the region of raw materials. The coal-fields along the Black Sea littoral are producing some 2,000,000 tons annually, but a government scheme for spending £T.100,000,000 on mining industries and electrification will stimulate business activity on the Bosphorus. Kayseri, 100 miles east of Ankara, has been chosen for a huge cotton factory as much to maintain an industrial balance as for its convenient position at the junction of railways branching south and eastwards towards the Iran frontier. Cement works have opened at Ankara, sugar is being produced from beet in agricultural districts, and at Ergani rich deposits of copper are being mined. The Bosphorus area is considered more suitable for smaller factories.

In anticipation of this, work is starting on the extension of quays and the renewal of equipment in the port of Istanbul. Since the twelfth century when Venetians and Genoese obtained permission to own wharves here, a privilege accorded to-day to only one company—a world-famous firm of American motor car manufacturers—the Galata side of the Golden Horn has grown into a bewildering maze of jetties and creeks.

Beyond the wide pontoons of Galata Bridge, the landing stage for an efficient service of passenger boats which ply between the European and Asiatic shores, lies every type of vessel. Rusty old tramps, wartime troopships, an abandoned gunboat, yachts, a lightship or two, and several hundred lighters are left to the devices of barnacles.

A constant flow of tugs, with barges strung behind, dip their funnels to pass beneath the low arch of the bridge. They carry coke, charcoal—for use in small ornamental stoves, grain from mills built at the dockside, vegetables for the new "Covent Garden" of Istanbul and much of the machinery which Turkey has to import. They come in from the Bosphorus and the Marmora shores with carpets and china. And while one morning last summer I was waiting for a ferry boat I noticed a barge loaded with glass lying alongside the quay. I asked where it had come from—a consignment of water jugs. They told me a new glass factory had been opened on the Bosphorus. And, whether legally or no, one of the boatmen began to sell them at twenty piastres (8d.) each.

So the earthen pitcher of the Anatolian peasant's home will soon be smashed and forgotten, and the glass jug take its place. The wooden bench and the habit of sitting on the floor is already disappearing with the arrival in remote villages of lorries laden with chairs. The westernisation of Turkey is being realised in some detail, even in the disfigurement of at least one beauty spot on the Bosphorus.

The village of Rumelihisar is famous for its castle, said to have been built by Muhammad the Conqueror in the three months which he gave to preparing for the siege of Byzantium in 1453. On the opposite shore stands a house with a ceiling of beaten gold, and with a frieze of mirrors which reflect on all four walls the flow of the Bosphorus. And, on the European shore, at some distance above the water level is Robert College, a school half hidden in spring by judas blossom.

It is a setting which completely justifies the Turkish Government's investment of £T.3,000,000 for the development of their tourist traffic. It is a scene that will probably appear on posters in the new Turkish State Travel Bureaus to be opened shortly in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and Cairo.

But the visitor, standing on the terrace of Robert College and watching the mercantile units of Rumania passing below with potatoes for Egypt, of Italy returning with oil from Constanza, and Greece performing miracles of cheap transport, cannot avoid seeing one blot on the landscape.

"What is that building that looks like several acres of out-houses?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a new rope factory."

Fortunately, no smoke-emitting chimney towers above these sheds. Fortunate, too, that there is so much of interest to divert attention to the Bosphorus: sailing craft, an occasional seaplane flying low in the wide ravine, fishermen pulling in their nets to the rhythm of a sea-song and, perhaps, a glimpse of the old *Gulcemal*.

I saw the *Gulcemal* come slowly up the Golden Horn one evening about the time that the business men were hurrying down to catch their boats—buying cigarettes at half the price of our own brands, newspapers at 2d., and, as a luxury, a few bananas, 9d. each.

It was a very different type that swarmed down the gangways of the incoming boat. They were shoddily dressed peasants, young men from the Black Sea villages. Clutching their grips in one hand and the arm or hand of a friend with the other, they climbed the steps of the bridge and hurried away to start on eighteen months of military service in the Istanbul barracks.

"The *Gulcemal!*" exclaimed a friend whom I joined later. "She is over fifty years old. In 1874 she won the blue riband of the Atlantic. She still serves the Bosphorus and the Black Sea ports."

"And those two warships over there. Are they the Turkish fleet?" We were passing the Dolmah Bagtche Palace, where Kemal Ataturk resides when in Istanbul. A smart motor launch, its engine running, was lolling at the quayside.

"Part of it. You must not be scathing. The Turkish navy was reduced to a single cruiser when Abdul Hamid was Sultan. That was because he feared a revolution which his fleet might support. To-day no section of the community is more strongly Kemalist than the services."

In fact the Turkish navy with its base in the Gulf of Ismid, protected to the north by the Bosphorus and in the south by the Dardenelles, is stronger than it has been—possibly since Queen Elizabeth sounded the "Grand Turk" through emissaries sent to Constantinople about the time that Spain was threatening England.

The fleet consists of nineteen craft including seven destroyers and four submarines. They are

(*Continued on page* 490)

OLD-WORLD PERA: A curious double flight of steps leading from one street level to another

INDIA'S MILLIONS WORSHIP MOTHER GANGES

At the Ardh Kumbh Mela—The Fair Held on the Banks of the Holy River Near Allahabad

RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY IN THE ORIENT: The leaders of a Hindu monastic order holding aloft their richly embroidered banners as they head a procession of their followers across the sands before bathing at the confluence of the Ganges with the Jumna and the Saraswati. There is an annual pilgrimage, but this year the fair was one of special sanctity as it was the Ardh Kumbh Mela or half-way stage between the even more important Kumbh Mela which is held every twelfth year. It is on the latter occasion that the normal crowd of 100,000 or 200,000 swells to one of 3,000,000 simple-minded village folk and merchants from the cities flocking towards this hallowed spot to perform the ceremonies prescribed by their priests

GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL: Crowds thronging the beach during the celebration of this year's Ardh Kumbh Mela. From its source, 14,000 ft. above the sea, beyond the barrier of the Himalayas, and along its 1,500 miles to the mouth of the Hugli, the Ganges is an object of veneration, and to bathe in its waters is to wash away sin, but it is to this one point, where divine Brahma once made sacrifice, that India's people come in such extraordinarily vast numbers

WORSHIPPERS THRONG THE BANKS OF THE SACRED GANGES: An impression of the great crowds that assembled for this year's Ardh Kumbh Mela, a festival of vital importance in the religious life of India and which brings the faithful to Allahabad from all points of the compass. The boats belong to purveyors of food supplies

ARDH KUMBH MELA

The Festival of Special Sanctity that is Held at the Junction of the Ganges with the Jumna and Saraswati

By ROSITA FORBES

ENCAMPED ON THE SANDS: Sadhus, many of whom wear no clothing except for a waist cloth, resting near the banks of the Ganges after reaching the goal of their pilgrimage. Most of them have long beards and on their foreheads is indelibly impressed the red mark of Vishnu, one of the three principal gods of Hinduism

ONCE in twelve years, when Jupiter is in Aquarius and the sun in Capricornus, the greatest fair in the world, the Kumbh Mela, takes place at the junction of the three holy rivers of India, the Ganges, the Jumna, and the invisible Saraswati. On such an occasion, as many as 3,000,000 pilgrims may come from every point of the compass to bathe in the waters where, before time began, the divine Brahma made sacrifice or *yajana*.

Every sixth year between there is a "half Mela" which attracts hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, most of them illiterate so that they travel like parcels, knowing only that, on the day of the full moon, they must force their way to the holy sands, trodden by the feet of countless Sadhus, and thence to the confluence of the rivers, one blue and one muddy green.

Hindu mythology ascribes the origin of the Allahabad (Prayag) Mela to a dispute between gods (Devas) and demons (Danavas) over the secret of restoring life to the dead. The chalice whose contents ensured immortality lay at the bottom of the Kshiroda Sea. Jayanta, son of Indra, King of the Gods, contrived to secure the vessel, but for twelve days and nights he was pursued across the universe by a host of demons who eventually gained possession of the elixir. But they began quarrelling among themselves and the precious goblet fell, scattering its contents as it broke into several pieces. The places where the fragments fell were at once declared holy, and it is there that the Kumbh fairs are held—at Allahabad, Hardwar, Gjain, and Nasik. The other places are not on earth, so only gods and demons can commemorate there the loss of that which would have rendered them all-powerful, with life as well as death in their hands.

In the ninth century of our era the colossal fairs which drew Sadhus from their hermitages in mountains and deserts, merchants from their businesses, and warriors from battle, farmers from their crops, rich men from affairs of State, and poor men from their last hope of gain, received a fresh impetus from the teachings of Sankaracharya. This great opponent of Buddhism, who preached the older faith of Brahma between Indus and Ganges, found it expedient to appoint meeting-places where converts could discuss their convictions and their doubts. These religious gatherings continued after the death of Sankaracharya, attracting ascetics and mystics from all over India until the Kumbh and Ardh Kumbh Melas became as significant as, and numerically far more important than, the Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Allahabad Mela lasts for a lunar month, during which the vast stretches of sand which border the Ganges and the Jumna, deserted at any other time, become the streets of a capital city, prodigiously over-crowded, teeming with traffic, and blackened with the smoke of a myriad fires.

The East India Railway is faced with the gentle problem of transporting human beings not in ordinary tourist parties, but in "lakhs," 100,000 or so at a time. It also has to take into consideration the facts that most of the pilgrims have no idea in which direction they want to go, how to set about going, or what to do when they find themselves at their destination.

This year the railway treated its 1,000,000 extra travellers as something between a school-treat and an expeditionary force. It built enormous temporary platforms and marshalled divisions of special stock in support of the ordinary trains. It instituted separate ticket offices for veiled women and devised an ingenious device by means of which illiterate pilgrims unable to read the indication boards could be "directionally sorted." On tickets for a particular direction was printed a familiar object, such as a cow or an engine, a boat, a water-pipe, or a tea-pot, and each of these symbols was reproduced in enormous proportions above a different enclosure. Thus passengers for a station represented by a magnificent curly-horned ox had only to find their way to a pen bearing the same reassuring picture and, cheered by water-taps, electricity, and other modern amenities, they could wait in comfort until a contiguous train left for their destination. Control posts fitted with telephones and arc lights towered over every enclosure and from these crows' nests, Staff Officers watched, directed, and organised the movement of an army whose components were for the most part uniformed in lime.

For the Sadhus who come in their thousands by rail and bus, or on their own feet if they are particularly hardy, have discarded clothing as an unnecessary encumbrance. In public places they sometimes wear a waist-cloth, but their real garments are their own self-assurance and the masses of hair which in cold weather must form an adequate tippet. They are the earth's real gypsies, for they have no possessions. If you ask their

SOLEMN PILGRIMAGE: Members of a monastic order pro washing away of all sin. Even now the various sects times, however, riots and fighting were common, and in thousand people are said to have perished, while in 1795

A MUSHROOM CITY OF REEDS AND THATCH: Looking across the vast encampment near Allahabad, which sprang up in a few days in order to accommodate the hordes of pilgrims and, after the festival, vanished almost as quickly as it came

names they are quite likely to tell you they have forgotten them, for why should one be burdened with a name or an identity when one wanders free as the wind or the light, between temple and fair, eating whatever the faithful offer, sleeping under a river bank in the tropics or in a cleft between Himalayan rocks, indifferent to cold or heat, pursuing an inner knowledge that unifies God and man. "I am the little learning that I possess," said a mystic who had walked 1,800 miles with no other possessions than a stick curved like a serpent and a wooden rosary. Another, his naked body smeared with lime, told his pupils, "If God is man, so man himself is God."

One night I went down to the Ganges to see the Sadhus camped round their dung fires. A special pass admitted me to the city, wired, not walled, from the curiosity of the casual. Alleys and thoroughfares of soft sand led between the ghostly buildings. The great dervish orders had retired each within the wooden, or the sailcloth, or the corrugated-iron ramparts of its temporary monastery. But the lanes and the open space beyond the camp-city were thronged with sellers and buyers of food, with families grouped under tattered umbrellas, others huddled about a burning log, or stretched full length on a carpet. Beyond these Robinson Crusoe pilgrims, who hurried into the river each morning to acquire merit before enjoying the fun of the fair, were the holy men, the Sadhus, naked but for their lime. Each had scooped a hole in the sand and filled it with burning dung. A pall of smoke hung over them, and the acrid smell of it made me choke. With watering eyes, I wandered between the striped and scarred figures with bundles of hair wound about their heads or hanging to their loins. And suddenly a chant arose. I don't know what it meant. It came from a dozen, then a hundred, then several thousand throats. None of the Sadhus looked at me. They did not interfere as I passed between their fires.

When it died away I found myself surrounded by a group, naked and cheerful. They had come from places whose names I had never heard, and were bound for places which had no names. "We are the bander-log," they said, "the wandering people who have no cares."

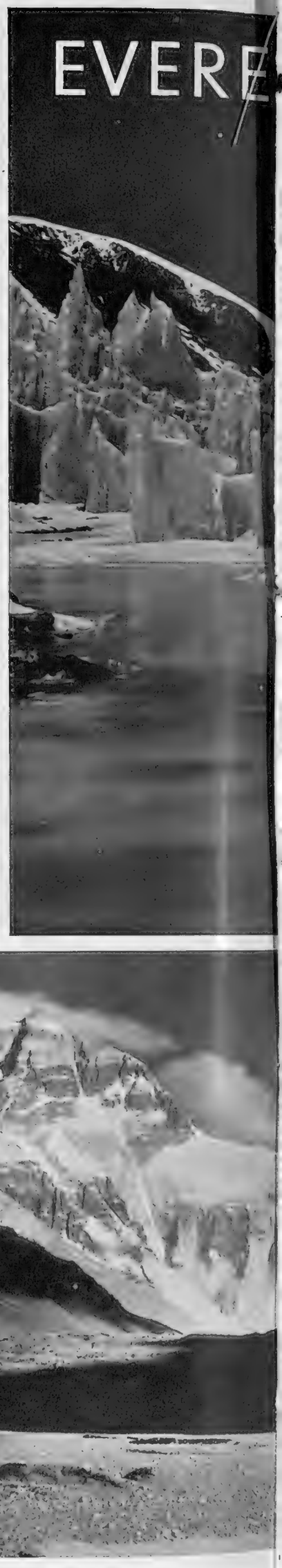
An ageless man with laughter in his eyes concluded, "See how you are imprisoned by the things you need. We are free because we need only air to breathe and sometimes a little water to drink."

cessing to the banks of the Ganges and Jumna, where they bathe in the waters, an act that symbolises the have to be kept apart during the festival, but on the whole it passes off without untoward incident. In bygone 1760, on the last day of bathing, the rival mobs of the Gosain and Bairagi had a battle in which eighteen the Sikh pilgrims slew no fewer then five hundred of the Gosain before order could be restored

WHEN THE SPIRIT CONQUERS THE FLESH: This is not a barbaric execution but a Sadhu at the Ardh Kumbh Mela meditating at the expense of bodily mortification. It is a practice that would certainly suffocate anyone but an ascetic trained by many years of self-imposed austerity

CREVASSES IN THE RONGBUK GLACIER: Terrain typical of that which members of the 1936 Everest Expedition have had to traverse on their way from their base to Camp Three at the foot of the North Col. Weather conditions for this year's attempt have been particularly unfortunate, heavy falls of snow having, for days on end, rendered the higher parts of the mountain unclimbable, thus resulting in the loss of valuable time at a vital stage of the assault

EVEREST IN DEFIANT MOOD: Looking up the Rongbuk glacier towards the North Face, shrouded in a white mantle of snow, over which no climbing party could hope to proceed in safety. Once the monsoon has broken, avalanches and icy gales make the task of the mountaineer dangerous in the extreme and render his chances of success almost hopelessly remote



THE NORTH FACE BLOWN CLEAR OF SNOW: It is this condition that Mr. Rutt

This year the fifth Everest Expedition set out with the highest hopes of success, and the party was further encouraged by weather forecasts which indicated that there would be ample time for an assault before the arrival of the monsoon. But as it turned out conditions proved heartbreakingly unfavourable, and just when the climbers had reached Camp IV monsoon snow on the face of the mountain forced them

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GEMS OF ART AND ARMOUR IN THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM EXTENSION

The Spacious New Galleries which were Opened at Cambridge this Week—The King's Loan from Windsor Castle

A ROYAL TREASURE: Henry VIII's majestic suit (left), made in Greenwich by Erasmus Kirchener about the year 1535, and loaned by King Edward from his collection at Windsor Castle, is the dominating feature of the Armour Gallery in the new extension of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, which was scheduled to be opened this week by Mr. Stanley Baldwin in his capacity as Chancellor of the University. The gallery has been built with the sum of £10,000 bequeathed in 1933 by Mr. James Stewart Henderson, of Trinity College, together with examples of armour, coins, medals, and other treasures he had gathered together

PRECIOUS LOAN EXHIBITS: A scene in the top-lit picture gallery, one of the four main rooms composing the extension and devoted to the many valuable works that have been loaned in order to add to the interest of the opening. On the left can be seen the magnificent head of Apollo, dating from about 460 B.C., which is the property of the Duke of Devonshire and is probably the finest Greek bronze in the country. Also in the room are Mr. Pierpont Morgan's exquisite Gainsborough, "Miss Linley and Her Brother," and three Gothic tapestries (two of which can be seen in the above illustration) belonging to Sir William Burrell

THE PRINT ROOM: Another new section of the Fitzwilliam containing the magnificent collection of engraved portraits presented to the museum in 1933 by Mr. John Charrington, of Trinity College, who himself defrayed the cost of building this part of the extension. Only about forty-five framed prints can be shown at a time, but these will be changed about from term to term

This week's opening at the Fitzwilliam marked the completion of another stage in an elaborate programme of extension which is being proceeded with as and when funds are forthcoming, and the need for which is imperative in view of the speed with which the museum's possessions are increasing. The Fitzwilliam was founded in 1816 by Viscount Fitzwilliam, a member of Trinity Hall. The bequest which brought it into being consisted of 144 pictures, including a Rembrandt, a Titian, a Paul Veronese, a Palma Vecchio, and some minor masterpieces; together with what was then regarded as the finest series of Rembrandt's etching in England, very rich collections of engravings by the best Continental masters, and an extensive library, amongst the treasures of which were 130 medieval manuscripts and a remarkable group of autograph scores by Handel, Purcell, and other great composers. In order to house these objects Lord Fitzwilliam bequeathed £100,000, and with the accumulated interest on this capital amount the original museum was built between the years 1837 and 1875. It was nearly a century before another bequest of money was received, this being in 1912, when Charles Brinsley Marlay of Trinity College left his extensive collections to the university. To these were added a sum of £80,000, free of legacy duty, and the lease of St. Katherine's Lodge, Regent's Park, which was sold for £10,000. Among many subsequent benefactions were those of Spencer George Perceval of Trinity College (1922), the Rt. Hon. Frederick Leverton Harris (1926), and Dr. J. W. L. Glaisher, F.R.S., of Trinity College, each of whom rounded off a bequest of works of art with a sum of £10,000.

Philatelists Meet in New York

At the Opening of the International Stamp Exhibition

AS the Third International Stamp Exhibition opened recently in the Grand Central Palace, New York, with U.S. Postmaster-General James A. Farley presiding, special attention was called to the interest of the late George V in stamps, and to the announced intention of Edward VIII to continue the collection founded by his father. It was noted that this year's exhibit opened almost on the anniversary of the first issue of the British Jubilee stamps commemorating the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King George.

It was similarly noted that the first marking to indicate the transmission of mail through a post office was a hand stamp devised by Henry Bishop in 1660 for the London Post Office. This method of marking was introduced into the American colonies by Benjamin Franklin at the time that he was the British Crown Deputy Postmaster.

Among other stamps of special interest exhibited was one issued this year by Argentina, based on the claim which it still puts forth to the ownership of the Falkland Islands, although they were occupied by a British garrison in 1833.

Within a week after President Roosevelt, who is an enthusiastic stamp collector, assumed office, the United States began making stamp history, well illustrated in the recent exhibit. The first of the stamps issued under the Roosevelt administration commemorated the proclamation of peace (at the end of the American Revolutionary War, at Newburgh, New York, on April 19, 1783). Then on July 8, 1933, the post office department announced the issue of panes of inperforate and ungummed stamps in honour of philately itself. On September 22 of the same year a stamp was issued honouring the exploits of Admiral Richard E. Byrd in the Antarctic. Later came the NRA stamp, the Maryland tercentenary stamp, the Mother's Day stamp, the Wisconsin stamp, and a series of stamps devoted to the country's national parks, which are also one of Roosevelt's interests.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the serious criticism to which these stamp-printing policies have been subjected, President Roosevelt and Postmaster-General Farley are planning an ambitious programme for 1937. The new stamps will honour artists, scientists, and men of letters, Roosevelt having announced that presidents and generals have already received as much honour from stamps as they are entitled to. The new stamps will create some new denominations and will be printed in new colours.

It would be difficult to stage a stamp exhibition in the United States without recalling the famous "pony express." The first "pony express" was founded by Samuel Brannon, editor of the *California Star*, in Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), who undertook to carry letters to "eastern" points for 50 cents each, guaranteeing that they would reach their destination within two weeks. At that time, California was practically cut off from the rest of the United States, the westernmost mail delivery point being St. Joseph, Missouri.

On April 1, 1848, the first pony set out with mail for Independence, Missouri. Then gold was discovered in California, and for the time the pony express was forgotten. It was, however, to have a history.

W. Parker Lyon has what is probably the best collection of pony express stamps in existence. He has one envelope, addressed to W. Van Voorhies, who was then California's Secretary of State, which indicates that at least for the time being Van Voorhies was a difficult man to find, and that it was also difficult to be sure which town was the capital of California, the seat of State government being shifted so rapidly. The envelope shows that the letter was originally addressed to Van Voorhies at Benicia, and that it was forwarded to him, in order, at Vallejo, Sacramento, and San Francisco. Van Voorhies was sent to California by the Federal Government to organize a post office system; but, arriving in the golden State, he discovered that he could earn three times as much money by serving as Secretary of State as he could by working for the Federal Government. So he quit his Federal job, apparently without ever taking the trouble to notify the Government that he had quit.

The U.S. Government released its first air-mail stamp on May 13, 1918. This was a 24-cent carmine-and-blue value. The release came two days before the opening of the air-mail service from New York to Philadelphia and to Washington. A 16-cent green air-mail stamp was issued on July 11, 1918, in anticipation of the reduction in rates that went into effect two days later. A 6-cent orange air-mail stamp appeared on December 10. The next series of air-mail stamps did not appear until 1923.

A special air-mail stamp commemorating the flight of Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris was issued May 26, 1927. This was the first time that any living person had ever been honoured by a postage stamp in the United States. Lindbergh had made his flight on May 20.

N. S.

THE NEW MEDIUM: The 80 ft. tower of the Alexandra Palace Television Station, where £120,000 has been spent by the B.B.C. on the installation of transmitters and other equipment and where test broadcasts are to be given some time this summer. The first programmes will not be very elaborate and will consist for the most part of film "shorts" and modest items from the studios. It is quite possible, however, that by May of next year sufficient progress will have been made to enable a part of the Coronation ceremonial to be televised. This will involve tremendous difficulties, but the engineers are confident of success

A Sheikh Comes to London

The Ruler of Bahrein to be Guest of the Nation

THE ruler of Bahrein, Sheikh Hamad bin Isa al Khalifah, is now on his way to London, where he is to be the official guest of the nation.

Sheikh Hamad is not a stranger to England, which he visited eleven years ago, and he knows India also, but he speaks only Arabic. He is a tall, dignified man of some sixty years, with a square beard and distinguished countenance. No masterful autocrat is he, but a man of essentially simple habits, most happy, like many other Arabs, when among his hawks, his horses, and his hounds. In his main palace in the capital, Manama, he lives in semi-European fashion, but in his country houses he is the pure Arab. For the pomp of circumstance he cares little, although on State occasions he lives up to the part, putting on richly embroidered robes, and having about him his brilliantly attired retainers. On such occasions he carries his sword in a golden scabbard.

This Amir is a reformer, but a wise one. In other words, he realises that the slower way is sometimes the surer way. He has, for instance, done much to encourage reform in education and in the pearling trade. Yet many of his subjects frown upon change. The women of Bahrein, in particular, are yet very backward. There is no female education and, generally speaking, the social condition of women has remained untouched by the hand of progress.

The Bahrein archipelago, lying about twenty miles from the Arabian mainland in the Persian Gulf, has in recent years come into some prominence, first because the Government of Iran has laid claim to possession of it before the League of Nations, and secondly because Imperial Airways now use it as a stage on their route to India. But its historic importance comes from its being the centre of the pearl industry.

The pearls of Bahrein are indeed the finest in the world. For long years the islanders depended almost entirely on this industry and their boat-building. So recently as 1926, £2,000,000 worth of pearls were exported from Bahrein, and in 1930 a single pearl fetched £15,000. In the later years, however, the bottom has rather fallen out of the pearl market. The world depression has had much to do with the decline, but the slump has also been furthered by the export of the Japanese "cultured pearl."

The superiority of the Bahrein pearl derives from the fact that fresh water percolates beneath the sea-floor from the Arabian highlands hundreds of miles away, and it is from these fresh water patches lying under the salt sea-water that the Arab divers, equipped with only a primitive nose-ring, extract the treasures that are the object of rivalry between Western and Eastern merchants. The divers, who make about 30 descents a day from the pearling dhows, remain under water on an average for a minute and a half, and at a depth of perhaps a dozen fathoms. They wear for this work nothing but a loin-cloth, and leather sheaths to protect the fingers and big toes. This diving is dangerous work; but the seaman in these parts is a fatalist, and a diver remains a diver for life.

Bahrein, though not the hottest spot in the Persian Gulf (which is the hottest section of the entire globe) is one of the most unenviable places in which to live, for its maximum humidity is higher than anywhere else. For three or four months of the year, indeed, the moisture oozes from the very buildings. As R.A.F. men flying between Basra and Bahrein have found, sleep on the island is often impossible.

The islands, which, as has been said, the Government of Iran claims as its own, were conquered by Arabs towards the end of the eighteenth century, and have been held by the ruling Khalifah family ever since. They constitute an independent Arab State bound by treaty with the British Empire: and such they are likely long to remain.

Bahrein is now an essential link in Imperial communications between England and India: the whole Persian Gulf, indeed, is to the British Empire from the aerial point of view what the Red Sea is from the naval point of view. Bahrein, however, had set its foot on the path of modernisation well before Imperial Airways yielded to the advice of the R.A.F. to transfer their route from the Eastern to the Western section of the Gulf, and so to utilise Bahrein. The mark of Indianisation is clear upon Bahrein. It has electric light and electric fans and ice-making machinery, Christian missions and hospitals and schools, wireless installations, motor cars and roads and neat compounds—everything, in short, to make the European and such inhabitants as cherish scientific amenities as comfortable as possible.

Many things are still inadequately explained about the history of Bahrein, particularly its huge pyramidal mounds, ruins, sometimes over fifty feet high, which have baffled generations of archæologists. During the last few years, however, much has been discovered on its future, especially by means of the finding of petroleum. The concession for oil is in the hands of an American company.

K. W.

THE LONDON SEASON OF 1936

AFTER THE SHOW: The fashionably dressed audience leaving at the end of a performance of Dodie Smith's successful comedy, *Call It a Day*, which is still going strong at the Globe Theatre. An impression of "London After Dark," specially drawn for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles. "With the Season approaching its peak," says Philip Page, our dramatic critic, in his article on page 478 of this issue, "we are at least as well provided with entertainment as in former years." Indeed, there is a host of good plays from which to choose, and there is something to suit every taste whether it be for farce, musical comedy, gripping drama, or even fantasy

On left—THRONGED COVENT GARDEN: The audience standing for the National Anthem at the Royal Opera House where new productions and old favourites have combined to make the season memorable. The only pity of it is that opera comes to an end so soon, just when the town is *tout-en-fete* and crowded with people bent on spending money on entertainment. If there is something lacking in the matter of quantity, however, the quality leaves nothing to be desired, the standard attained this year being as high as ever

ROYAL OCCASIONS

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE: Court mourning still continues but even this has not robbed London of all its seasonal pageantry; a pageantry that gives the capital an atmosphere almost wholly lacking in republican lands. *Left*—A drum-major of the Guards wearing his full-dress uniform in honour of Queen Mary's sixty-ninth birthday. *Right*—King Edward, in the undress uniform of the Blues, arriving for the recent inspection of the Royal Horse Guards in Hyde Park

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT OLYMPIA: Their Royal Highnesses with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose in the Royal box at the International Horse Show, where they attended a special gala performance which included a jumping competition by teams of officers representing four countries—France, Belgium, the Irish Free State, and Great Britain

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL: The eighty-nine-year-old Marquess of Huntly, premier marquess of Scotland, and the Duchess of Atholl leading the procession before the set reels at last week's function at Grosvenor House which was attended by many notabilities from over the border. *On right*—BETWEEN DANCES: Sitting out on the stairs at Grosvenor House

Behind the Scenes at Olympia

Personalities at the International Horse Show

AN OLD STAGER SHOWS HIS MEDALS: Quicksilver, the veteran white charger of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Percy Laurie, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was perhaps the most admired of all the equine aristocrats present at the show. He is pictured here wearing his war decorations and accompanied by charming Miss Felicity O'Dell—film actress and riding enthusiast

TOURING THE STABLES: Miss Bel Batlivala, Mr. Peter Harratt, Mrs. Peter Reynold, and the Princess of Nepal were among the hosts of visitors to the International Horse Show at Olympia who went behind the scenes to see the horses. There was an interval for inspection in every performance

CELEBRITIES OF THE ART WORLD: Miss Anna and Miss Doris Zinkeisen, two more distinguished visitors to Olympia, with Station Sergeant King and "Naughty," who took part in the Horse and Cycle display by the police

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Members of Mr. Santos Casani's party admiring Oojah, another star of the Horse and Motor Cycle ride by the Metropolitan Police. The object of this item was to demonstrate in an interesting form the degree to which the horse can be taught to work with mechanised transport

Special SPHERE *pictures*

HAUTE ÉCOLE: Members of the Imperial Riding School, Vienna, whose spectacular display gave a brilliant insight into the methods of training horses which began in Austria about the year 1700. The uniforms and accoutrements of mount and man are the same as those that were used a century ago

A scene
roar of
Quadrig

SUNLIGHT and SHADOW IN THE ROYAL PARKS

The Ritz Arcade — a cool spot in heat-wave weather, and (*left*) Park Lane where so many of the Season's social functions take place

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES

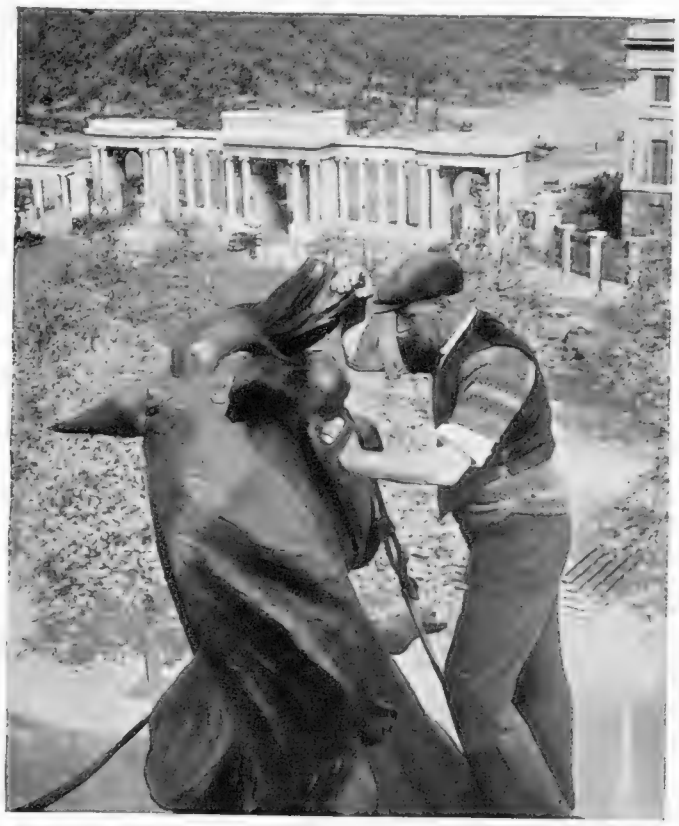
Enjoying an afternoon's laze on Hyde Park's green sward. The trees are at their leafiest just now

JUNE in LEAFY LONDON

Vignettes of the 1936 Season

of quiet beauty, a stone's throw from Hyde Park Corner and the London's traffic. Rising in the background is Adrian Jones's stately , with the statuary boldly silhouetted against the cloudless sky

PASSING THE GOLDEN HOURS



ANNUAL GROOMING: Cleaning one of the great equestrian figures on the Quadriga, high above Hyde Park Corner

White organdie, hand-embroidered in coral, yellow, and blue flowers, and a black silk jersey skirt with coat of georgette cloque in black and white. Two charming Ascot fashions by Ronald Morrel

FASHION PARADE

LONDON *After* DARK

SUMMER NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT: A typical supper show at one of Mayfair's fashionable hotels

IN CHARITY'S NAME: Lord Nunburnholme buying a flower from Miss Armida Macindoe at the ball held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. Such functions continue to be one of the features of the Season, and many a deserving cause has been given a new lease of life by the generous financial aid and voluntary work of society folk

CONVERSATION PIECE: An interlude at the theatre

Recorded by Studio Sun for THE SPHERE

IN THEATRELAND: A well-cut evening gown sets off a graceful figure to perfection. A Morrel model

CARNAVAL

Michel Fokine's Brilliant Alhambra Ballet

"PAS DE DEUX": Ruanova and Vilzak whose flawless dancing has won the enthusiastic applause of the vast audiences that have packed the Alhambra ever since the company made its bow to London last month. The musical side of the production, which is of such vital importance, is in the very capable hands of Leo Hofmeklerls

RHYTHM OF THE DANCE: Another instantaneous camera study of Ruanova and Vilzak who make such a delightfully harmonious partnership

(Special "Sphere" pictures by A. Console)

NIMBLE HARLEQUIN AND FICKLE COLUMBINE: Marie Ruanova and Anatole Vilzak in *Carnaval*, the one-act ballet, designed by Michel Fokine and with the music of Schumann, which is one of the principal features of the *Ballets de Monte Carlo* presented at the Alhambra by Sir Oswald Stoll

VALSE NOBLE: A further episode from *Carnaval* which Michel Fokine has founded upon Schumann's *Scènes Mignonnes*. It has no story, in the usual sense, but we are shown the various characters as they escape from the revelry of a masquerade to indulge in sentimental or frivolous flirtation

THE QUEEN OF THE SWANS in *Le Lac des Cygnes* the choreographic poem in one act composed by Tchaikovsky in Moscow in 1876. From 1878 until the outbreak of the great war it invariably appeared in the Imperial Russian ballet repertoire. An impression of another important ballet, *Les Sylphides*, is given in the drawing by Hookway Cowles on the front cover of this issue

CABARET:

An Essential Ingredient of the London Season; its Origin, Popularity, and Cost of Production

By CHARLES GRAVES

CABARET has become an essential ingredient of the London Season. You have it even at the Carlton and the Ritz, only Claridge's remains virgin. Mrs. Corrigan, who has this year taken Crewe House for the season, introduced it to private dances. You meet it in restaurants, clubs, and at hotels; nor does any charity ball consider itself complete without it. And yet in the latest edition of *Cassell's Dictionary* you will find the following entry: "Cabaret: etymology unknown; a public house or tavern." Editors of dictionaries are cautious chaps. They will wait a number of years before they accept a new word or even a new meaning.

In point of fact I have the authority of no less an expert than Lord Lurgan for saying that cabaret has been known in this country for over half a century. When he was a young blade there was cabaret at Evans's, the premises afterwards acquired by the National Sporting Club. At eleven o'clock every night there was a cabaret provided by a number of youths and men in evening dress and white cotton gloves. True, they only sang glees, but at two in the morning Arthur Roberts and other of the leading comedians of the day came on and did half a dozen turns.

The next cabaret that I can trace was at the Cave of the Golden Calf at the corner of Regent Street and Heddon Street where the New Gallery Cinema now stands. It was run by Madame Strindberg, the fourth, and I fancy last, wife of the composer. Just before the war there was cabaret at the Cosmo Club then in Rupert Street. The ill-fated Billie Carlton was one of the many people who provided it. This, however, was really a series of impromptu turns given by Jack May's guests who happened to be in the club for supper.

It was, however, as long ago as 1908 that Clement Hobson, who founded Ciro's in London, used to import cabaret turns for his Paris establishment through the agency of Eric Wollheim. Eric Wollheim was responsible for the first cabaret turns of the Savoy Hotel in 1928. But we are going ahead too fast. The origin of cabaret on the Continent, according to him, was to be found at the Cabaret de la Lune, where you listened to chansonniers while you drank your bock or your cérise à l'eau de vie.

The first real cabaret turn as we now accept the phrase was provided over there by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle at the Café de Paris. The late Maurice and Florence Walton were another early couple. In those days cabaret was almost entirely confined to exhibition ballroom dances, though occasionally there was a soubrette. But there was no adagio dancing, the technical term for acts like Balliol and Merton's somewhat sensational and distinctly terrifying turn.

My own first experience of cabaret was in 1921, when Jack Hylton was the pianist at the Queen's Hall roof—which you reached by lift—in Langham Place. Shortly after that Sir Francis Towle put on those immensely successful cabarets called "The Midnight Follies" at the Hotel Metropole. It is significant that the Metropole is now to be turned into offices; but in those days it was the one and only place to which to go. The Embassy Club had only just come under the ægis of Luigi. The then Prince of Wales visited it continuously, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the former Lady Ashley, née Hawkes, was a chorus girl. I forget the *couvert* charge, but it was remarkably expensive, though grand fun. By contrast (in expense) Elsa Lanchester ran the Cave of Harmony in Charlotte Street.

Even the Embassy had cabaret turns. I also remember, much later, Nat Ayer; but for some years the theory has been that the guests and members provide enough unconscious cabaret to make any professional stuff quite unnecessary.

Those were the days of Marjorie Moss and George Fontana, and Odette Myrtil, in my opinion the greatest cabaret artiste of all. Then at the Grafton Galleries, Paul Whiteman and his band charged 1,000 guineas a week. Sophie Tucker came to the Kit-Cat and with a salary of £500 a week created a record which even now has not been broken by any single turn in cabaret, though Lucienne Boyer charges and gets £350 a week.

The Café de Paris has had a reputation for expensive cabaret, going back to the moment it ceased to be the Élysée. Morton Downey, now the third highest-paid wireless star in the United States, sang there on frequent occasions. Marion Harris is an old favourite. Across Leicester Square at the Café Anglais, Rex Evans drew the town. Meantime the first adagio dancers had reached London. Do you remember them? They were Howell, Harger, and Naldi. They were closely followed by the Stone-Vernon Kitchen Pirates. At about this time Douglas Byng was winning his spurs in cabaret, and Hal Sherman had already introduced the original shuffling, skating step so often copied to-day.

Soon afterwards Jessie Matthews did a cabaret turn at the Florida, and already the Western Brothers had begun on their "Old School Tie" campaign, with Delys and Clarke and Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell in close pursuit. The Yacht Club Boys were a much later importation.

It was three years ago that Sir Francis Towle told me one day that it was worth a fortune to know what the next trend in cabaret would be. At that time the vogue was for entertainers at the piano. There were not enough of them. The same couple would tour a dozen West End restaurants in consecutive weeks all within a stone's throw of each other. It is true that the Savoy had already started a regime in 1928 to which they have stuck assiduously. They decided to bring the circus into the ballroom. They introduced jugglers, Chinese, Arabs, equilibrists, and all kinds of other unusual acts. The idea was (and is) that the cabaret should be merely incidental to the good food, good wines, good service, and good dancing facilities. For this reason the Savoy has never tried to employ stunt turns. The figure of £12,000 a year at the rate of £220 a week is adhered to rigorously year after year.

Which brings me to the total cost of cabaret in London in any given year. Evidently, of course, there are periods, such as August and half September, when cabaret is more or less non-existent in the West End. But at the present rate of cost it must work out at about £600,000 a year. This, mind you, takes into consideration the cost of the orchestra, without which the big cabarets at at Grosvenor House, the Dorchester, the London Casino, the Ritz, and the Carlton would be impossible. It also takes in a carefully computed figure for the cost of the cabarets at public dances. In front of me lie the rough figures of the cost of the cabarets:—

	£
The London Casino	1,400 per week
The Dorchester Hotel	800 per week
Trocadero Restaurant £300, and Tro-Cabaret £400, making a total of	700 per week
Grosvenor House	500 per week
The May Fair	250 per week
The Savoy	220 per week
The Ritz	160 per week
The Berkeley	120 per week
The Café Anglais	120 per week
Quaglino's	60 per week

The Café de Paris varies considerably up to £350 a week from £150 a week.

In addition, you have the cabarets at the Carlton, Prince's, the Cossack, Casani's, Chez Henri, Frascati's, the Monico, Murray's Club, the Florida, and a dozen more which will aggregate another £1,000 a week. There are also cabarets to be found at Road Houses like the Ace of Spades, while some of the best cabaret turns like Jack Holland and June Hart are sent up to cities such as Harrogate for a single evening.

Wealthy men like Sir Harold Wernher also employ highly-paid cabaret turns for an annual garden party or some similar occasion of hospitality. The restaurant and hotel figures I have given do not include the cost of the bands at these various establishments, which can be estimated at about £3,500 a week.

It was Les Girls who provided the solution to Sir Francis Towle's problem three years ago. These American beauties introduced an entirely new note into cabaret and quickly denuded many of the other restaurants and clubs. It was shortly after their arrival in this country that Ciro's closed and the Monseigneur became a newsreel theatre.

Cabaret is like women's fashions. It changes almost every year. At the present minute there are two schools of thought. One is that there will be a reversal to the single turn. The other, as boldly shown by Poulsen at the London Casino, is to provide a still more spectacular entertainment than either Les Girls or the Midnight Follies. Some experts think that the cash customers who have

(Continued on page 490)

LONDON INTERLUDE: From a drawing by Molly Bishop

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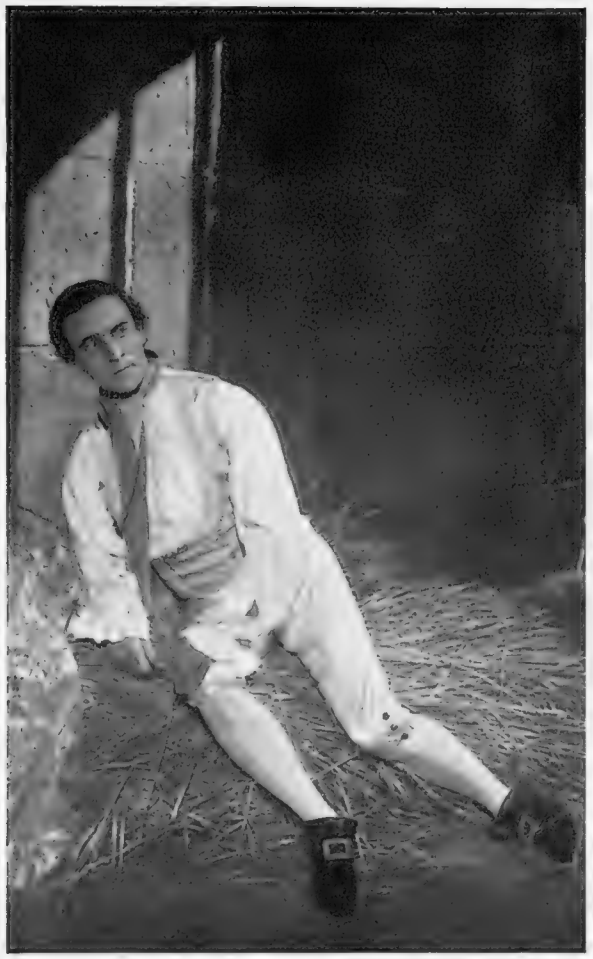
STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

Some Interesting New Productions from British and American Studios



IN THE DAYS OF THE TERROR: Ernst Deutsch (*left*) the noted Czechoslovakian actor who recently made his debut on the London stage, and Hazel Terry (*right*), two of the stars of the Capitol Films production *The Marriage of Corbal* which had an enthusiastic reception at its recent première at the Leicester Square Theatre. This story of the French Revolution is based on a novel by Rafael Sabatini, a sure indication that it is not lacking in dramatic incident, and although the elaborate crowd scenes are a little too well ordered and the Marseillaise is sung by the revolutionaries in unison too faultless to be entirely convincing, the picture has a great deal to commend it from an entertainment point of view. It is particularly notable for fine direction and camera work

AT THE REGAL: Margaret Sullavan, whose impressive box-office record marks her as one of Hollywood's most popular and accomplished stars, and James Stewart in *Next Time We Live* which started its run at the end of last week

DRAMA IN THE SKIES: Zasu Pitts, Adrienne Marden, John Howard, Joan Bennett, and Fred Keating in the new Paramount picture, *Thirteen Hours by Air*, which, as the title suggests, is the story of an eventful trip on a United States transcontinental air liner. The theme is decidedly conventional, with equal parts of comedy, romance, and thrills, but the photography is a really outstanding feature

PUTTING THEM THROUGH THEIR PACES: Edmond Greville, the young English director who is creating such a name for himself, directing Lupe Velez and Alfred Rode in *Gipsy Melody*, a new musical production in the making at Elstree

THE SCREEN VERSION OF "THE UNGUARDED HOUR": Lewis Stone, the veteran character actor who has been in pictures for twenty-one years, Loretta Young, and Roland Young in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's version of Fodor's famous play which was recently presented at the Empire. Roland Young gives a really fine performance, making the most of good dialogue and dominating the film by sheer acting ability

THE RETURN OF PAUL CAVANAGH: The noted film star (centre) who is now back in England after spending seven years in Hollywood, where he took part in over thirty pictures, has made his re-appearance on the London stage in *The King's Leisure* at Daly's Theatre, a light comedy in which he takes the part of a royal personage who is staying incognito at an English country-house

HOLLYWOOD SATIRE AT THE SHAFTESBURY. Clinton Sundberg, Helen Chandler, and Bramwell Fletcher in *Boy Meets Girl*, an uproarious comedy which pokes fun in brilliant fashion at the expensive absurdities of the film industry

SCOTTISH DRAMA: The father (Morland Graham) has a heart attack brought on by the strain of a verbal duel with his son (Sebastian Shaw), whose hatred he has attempted to dispel. An incident in *Green Waters* at the Vaudeville

A MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS: Oswald Sibthorpe (Syd Walker) and the Duchess of Bermondsey (Irene Brown), about to embark for Moronia on a liner which has the appearance of even outdoing the *Queen Mary* in size. A scene from *Rise and Shine*, the new show at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

DRAMA of the

London well Provided with Good Entertainment at the Peak of the Social Year

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

WITH the season approaching its peak, London is at least as well provided with entertainment as in former years. The opera is in its last week. It is a curious arrangement by which opera on the grand scale comes to an end with a snap just when the town is *tout-en-fête* and full of people who are spending money on amusement, intellectual or otherwise, but mostly otherwise.

However, so great are the difficulties, internal as well as external, in the way of providing any opera at all in this country, we must be thankful for small mercies. Our opera is small only in quantity; in quality it is not excelled by that of any of the world's capitals. Meanwhile, ballet continues. The season at the Alhambra is full of interest. Next week it will have a rival, and a serious one, in Colonel De Basil's Ballets Russes, which arrive at Covent Garden.

As to the theatres, there are some good entertainments and some clever people in them. I do not pretend to give an exhaustive list of these, and indignant readers who ring up on the telephone—this has happened in former years—to point out that the plays, etc., in which they are interested or appearing, have been omitted in spite of their excellence, had better keep their breath to cool their porridge.

Certainly worthy of mention are Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Owen Nares in Dodie Smith's pleasant domestic comedy *Call it a Day;* Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Noel Coward in the latter's playlets; Mr. John Gielgud in a Tchehov revival, *The Sea Gull;* Miss Claire Luce in the revue *Follow the Sun; Love from a Stranger*, a really exciting melodrama; and a couple of deliciously amusing American farces, *Boy Meets Girl* and *Three Men on a Horse.*

"Fugitives."—Mr. Walter Hackett's new play, *Fugitives*, at the Apollo is Miss Marion Lorne, and Miss Marion Lorne is the play. That is an eminently satisfactory arrangement since Miss Lorne is not only an experienced comedienne but an extremely industrious one. She has the will and the energy to tackle in play after play a part that always seems to me as long as Hamlet and Peer Gynt put together, and her author-husband has the knack of writing them to suit her.

Miss Lorne can set her audiences laughing in half a sentence of her peculiar hesitant, stammering breathlessness. Those who may suggest that this is easy I ask to name any other actress who can use a bag of tricks so effectively and with such consistent success.

In *Fugitives* Miss Lorne is first seen, except for a rather mystifying prologue, dithering amusingly in a Spanish hotel while revolutionaries are taking shots through the windows. She seemed to have stolen some jewels, and the waiter seemed to be a fellow crook, and at a Spanish aerodrome it all seemed rather exciting (if not quite exciting enough just at that moment), and later most of the cast seemed to be at sea in more than one sense, with a ship's captain who seemed to be Mr. Spencer Trevor, and, indeed, was Mr. Trevor. My uncertainty was due to seeing Mr. Trevor in a rôle other than that of an irascible colonel with a monocle. Here he displayed the versatility I had always suspected so good an actor to possess.

Stage detectives, particularly the American variety (and Mr. Hackett is an American) are apt to be rude, laconic folk who never take their hats off. Mr. Godfrey Tearle showed that a stage detective could still behave like a gentleman, indeed, like a "most potent, grave, and reverend seigneur." If the romantic development did not quite ring true it was not Mr. Tearle's fault. Miss Phyllis Dare, making a desirable return after a longish absence from the stage, turned a rather nebulous part into something both graceful and interesting.

"The King's Leisure."—A king in a country-house unless properly handled can make almost as big a mess of things as a bull in a china-shop. I refer, of course, to a stage king in a stage country-house. *The King's Leisure* at Daly's is a brightly written play—it has one or two brilliant lines and many amusing ones—which should have been built differently and, in one or two instances, cast differently.

This king, Gustavus IV (country not specified) was, I imagine, intended by the authors to "combine a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland," with not too much imperiousness and as much comedy as possible. Mr. Paul Cavanagh occasionally had a noble pose and he is undoubtedly a good looker. But, though his performance had certain likeable qualities, it was on the sticky side and of comedy he showed scarcely a trace.

His job in the story was to be a royal *deus ex machina* (under the unroyal and ungodlike name of Plumpton) and in easy humorous fashion to clear up sundry misunderstandings, clear out a beauteous and unscrupulous gold-digger, and clear out with (or arrange that she should follow at a diplomatic distance) an attractive widow. Most of this proved to be a rather heavy business when it should have been as light as puff pastry.

Miss Nora Swinburne's subtle comedy helped things along and so did an hilariously funny study of an amiable ninny of a nobleman by Mr. Michael Shepley. And Miss Jeanne Stuart as the adventuress not only added decoration in plenty but proved herself to be an actress of no little accomplishment.

SEASON

"Scheherazade."—It was Mr. Fokine who devised the famous ballet *Scheherazade* in those distant days when Russian ballet on the grand scale was new to London. The revival of it last week at the Alhambra was, I think, the best point so far of M. Fokine's interesting season there.

Rimsky-Korsakov's music is still most luscious stuff and a contrast to "Les Six" and the "atonality" school. He has something to say and says it elaborately (if with rather a lot of repetitions) and scores it more elaborately still. The lurid tale of Oriental lust and slaughter is first-rate melodrama and ideal for miming. If the scenery did not take one's breath away by its beauty and daring to the extent it did when Bakst just dazzled and astonished us, it is still colourful, fulfilling its purpose admirably.

M. Eglevsky as the dusky slave did not make me forget Nijinsky, who gave the part an eerie unpleasantness all his own. But he is a fine dancer and a lithe sinuous muscular person altogether. Best of all was M. Zvereff as the Eunuch, who gives up the keys, causes all the trouble, and then gives up the ghost.

Mlle Laurent was the favourite wife. If I may again make a comparison with the past, she did not achieve the sensuous beauty of movement of Karsavina nor her technical perfection. But she is very very lovely and should make a great dancer one day.

"THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE": Lord George Hell (Ivor Novello), the Regency libertine, lolls insolently in his chair as he duels with Sir Follard Follard (Philip Desborough) in the drawing room of his home, eventually disarming his opponent. One of the opening episodes in the fantasy at His Majesty's, before Lord George falls deeply in love with the village maid and seeks the path of virtue

"Der Rosenkavalier."—While in the Westminster play there is, as I have said, a live monkey, in Strauss' glorious masterpiece *Der Rosenkavalier*, revived at Covent Garden, they have to be content with a stuffed one.

I remember when they used to have a live monkey in this opera, but it had a habit of joining in the music, which upset the other singers and possibly made them jealous. Besides, it uttered notes which were not in the score, though Strauss is used to animal noises and represents, more or less musically, a flock of sheep in *Don Quixote*. In that scene in Act I, however, a man led on a dog, a sort of wire-haired terrier, which was right out of the period (the court of Maria Theresa) but behaved impeccably.

The revival, with a new cast, is a fine one in every respect. Herr Richard Mayr, the famous Baron Ochs, died, alas, a few months ago. But Herr List is a worthy successor. If Mayr was a better comedian List is a better singer and, frankly, I prefer List. For the part needs to be sung well and List is one of the finest basses in the world.

Madame Rethberg, the Princess, sang beautifully and made the pathos of her farewell-to-youth scene really touching. She was more regal in the last act than in the first. Madame Lemnitz is the ideal Octavian, and the English Sophie, Miss Stella Andreva (Browne) did well, in spite of being obviously nervous. Mr. Heddle Nash sang the tenor aria beautifully.

THE SCALLYWAG POET AND THE EARNEST PLAYWRIGHT: Peter Godfrey and Griffith Jones in Rodney Ackland's *After October*; one of the successes of the season. It was recently transferred to the Criterion Theatre

"The Emperor of Make-Believe."—I must confess that until I saw *The Emperor of Make-Believe* at the Westminster Theatre I had no idea that Hans Andersen had ever nourished a sentimental affection for Jenny Lind, or, indeed, had ever met her. It seems that he loved her, but was too immersed in writing his fairy tales to tell her of his love, which cannot on that account have been very deep.

The play is, as might be expected, quite a pretty little one. I see no point in denouncing it, as some have done, for not being powerful enough. The two protagonists cannot have been in real life very "powerful"—a placid and decent and, with all due respect to their memory and to their descendants, a not particularly exciting couple, I suspect. The tale is well told, is full of charm, and if there is rather a lot of whimsicality about it, well, whimsicality is a quality which one, Sir James Barrie, found fairly useful.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, too long an absentee from the stage, returns to play Hans Andersen with attractive seriousness, relieved by the aforesaid whimsicality, which he managed very cleverly. Miss Helena Pickard (Lady Hardwicke) as Jenny Lind was wholly delightful, never forcing the note of what might have been almost unbearable primness. Miss Olive Sloane added a touch of breeziness just when it was needed. I congratulate the real live monkey on its tact.

On right — THE VICTORIAN MANNER: Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in *Family Album*, one of the nine playlets being presented three at a time in the *To-night at 8.30* show now nearing the end of its highly successful run at the Phœnix

CLOTHES DESIGNED for a PLA

From Royal Garden Parties to Friendly Frocks for Every Day, Prints Follow their Flower-strewn Path

Just a simple, shady hat for days when one is in a holiday mood. In red, exotic straw trimmed with spotted shantung, it costs 12s. 9d. at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, where it may also be found in white and other colours. The dress is a pure dye washable print in buttercup yellow silk with a tiny contrasting design. Beautifully cut, it is deeply gauged across the front, it has double pleats in the skirt, and it is one of a collection of pastel-printed dresses all priced at 55s.

Here is something different, indicative of the new mid-season mode, but in no way extreme. A friendly and endlessly useful green and white spotted dress with a loose, sleeveless coat. The high, swathed neckline, the gathered butterfly motif at the waist, the skirt fullness confined to the front, and the full, pushed-up sleeves are details that are full of interest, and the whole thing is marvellously inexpensive. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

CE in the SUN

In the evening one turns from prints to navy net, gauged into three front panels, with very full godets at the back and front of the skirt, and a little frilled cape with long sash ends. From Marshall and Snelgrove

For Ascot, for a Royal Garden Party—wherever daytime elegance is called for—this graceful dress would win unstinted admiration. Printed in exquisite porcelain colours on a white ground, it is softly draped above the waist, with a sash that crosses at the back, and very full sleeves. The green hat is in an exotic straw, fan-pleated at the front, with the crown sloping forward to a cluster of black currants, cherries, and flowers. From Harrods

Even tailored suits grow frivolous beneath a summer moon. On the right is a black marocain frock, deceptively simple, with bands of white organdie edging the neck and forming straps at the back, while strewn all over it are white flowers, cut out, and lightly attached to the material. The waisted coat is plain with long sleeves that are full above the elbow. This also comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON

The First British Woman Doctor who was Born a Century Ago—The Story of a Great Life and an Account of the Pressing Needs of the Hospital She Founded

AS SARGENT SAW HER: A striking portrait of Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, the pioneer woman doctor, whose centenary is now being celebrated

IT was exactly one hundred years and four days ago that Elizabeth Garrett Anderson was born. She died, however, only eighteen years ago. And yet in that brief period, since 1918, a larger number of medical discoveries have been made than in any previous century. Diabetes has been defeated by insulin; all these new local anæsthetics have come over from Germany; and the use of radium has become a commonplace.

If Elizabeth Garrett Anderson had been alive to-day she would have been astounded by the change in the hospital which she founded with two beds over a dispensary. It is true that she lived to see it increase its accommodation to seventy-five beds. To-day there are 107, accounting for 2,500 in-patients a year. In the out-patients' department the number of attendances has swollen to 60,000 a year. There is an honorary medical staff of twenty-two and a resident staff of five.

What would surprise and in this case horrify her is that although her sole object in life was to increase the welfare of women, nothing has been done to ameliorate the conditions under which the nurses work. When she was alive there were only thirty-five at the hospital named after her in the Euston Road. To-day there are sixty. Thirty-seven of these have to sleep out. Some of them have to walk as much as half-a-mile to their small bedrooms. No wonder, then, that the hospital is now tardily asking for £50,000 for a new nurses' home, and, incidentally, a paying patients' ward with thirty beds. Anyone who chose could give £500 to ensure a recreation room for the nurses, which at the moment, *horribile dictu*, does not exist apparently. For half that sum you can name a room in the new nurses' home, while for £1,000 you can endow and give your name to a private bed.

A CARTOONIST'S IMPRESSION: A drawing which appeared in the Press when Dr. Anderson became a member of the London School Board in 1870

AS A YOUNG WOMAN: Another portrait of Dr. Anderson

Yes, there is no question that Elizabeth Garrett Anderson would be appalled at the conditions under which her nurses live. The work has increased by leaps and bounds, and yet nothing has been done for the nurses since their home was built in 1891. That they should be lodged away from the hospital is neither practical nor economical.

I was not present at the luncheon given on Tuesday to celebrate the centenary, but I trust that Lady Barrett, the President of the London School of Medicine for Women, and the other speakers made some potent references to existing conditions. Also at this lunch were Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Sir Alan Anderson, the surviving daughter and son of the first woman Doctor of Medicine in England. No doubt they pointed out that the hospital in the Euston Road was the first to be staffed entirely by women, though since then the South London Hospital for Women has followed suit.

At the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital house surgeons, house physicians, medical registrars, surgical registrars, obstetric assistants and all are women. The only men employed in the place are three stokers and an engineer, the day porter and the night porter, and a single laboratory assistant in the Pathological Department.

Among the guests invited to the luncheon were Lady Astor, Lady Janet Bailey, Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., Professor Winifred Cullis, Miss Horsburgh, M.P., Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., Lord and Lady Plender, Sir Felix and Lady Brunner, Lady Rhondda, the Hon. Mrs. Runciman, Dame Ethel Smyth, the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Willingdon, and Sir Kingsley Wood.

Perhaps no one would have been more surprised than Elizabeth Garrett Anderson at the organisation of such a function in her honour. She was a strong-willed, obstinate person. At the age of fourteen she made up her mind that she would study medicine; but her triumphant entry into that jealously guarded profession was made as difficult as possible. Born in London in 1836 she was taken by her parents to live at Aldeburgh at the age of four. For the next eight years she had a governess, who relied on Magnall's "Questions and Answers" to impart to her the necessary knowledge with which to face life. At the age of twelve Elizabeth went to a school at Blackheath kept by the Misses Browning, the aunts of Robert Browning. Here she enjoyed "every extra, including baths." These unheard of luxuries were taken in the wash tub in the kitchen on Saturday night, and she was soon known as the "Bathing Garrett." Three years later it was decided that her education was complete, and so she returned to her family.

Here she used to visit various school friends, and at the house of one met Emily Davies, who afterwards became the Principal of Girton College. There is no doubt that Emily had a great influence over Elizabeth who used to call her her "spiritual mother." It was after hearing a lecture by Elizabeth Blackwell that Elizabeth finally decided to devote her life to a medical career. After many long arguments with her family—her mother made herself quite ill with distress when she realised her daughter was really serious in her intention—Elizabeth came to London with her father who, having agreed to help his daughter, assisted her to storm the fort. They paid endless, often discouraging, visits down Harley Street. One consultant asked her why she did not become a nurse. Elizabeth replied stoutly, "Because I would rather earn £1,000 a year than twenty."

At last she succeeded in getting some training at the Middlesex Hospital, where she had to do the rounds dressed as a nurse and was instructed "not to look too intelligent." After further difficulties she managed to obtain instruction in anatomy and other subjects at St. Andrews and at Edinburgh. Most of her medical training was taken under the most difficult and discouraging conditions, almost by stealth; but her enthusiasm and her youthful ardour stood her in good stead, and finally, after surmounting further obstacles, she was allowed to sit for examination and obtained the licence at Apothecaries Hall.

It looked as though her object might now be achieved, but steps were taken to prevent her following her profession in any of the hospitals. Elizabeth, however, never allowed herself to be discouraged, and she decided on definite action. She collected sufficient money and opened in 1866 a small dispensary of her own in Seymour Street. This was the foundation of "The New Hospital for Women" which at the death of its founder changed its name to the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital.

Public opinion was very strongly opposed to the dispensary, but Doctor Garrett Anderson clung nobly to her work and it went forward by leaps and bounds. She inspired people with confidence and hope, and women anxious for treatment by one of their own sex came to her from all parts. She used to see as many as sixty patients in one afternoon. Six years after the foundation of the dispensary it was found necessary to move to larger premises and two houses were taken on what is now the site of the Great Central Hotel.

ENGAGED: Miss Elizabeth Garrett and Mr. J. G. S. Anderson, the well-known shipowner, whom she married in 1871, the year after graduating in Paris as M.D.

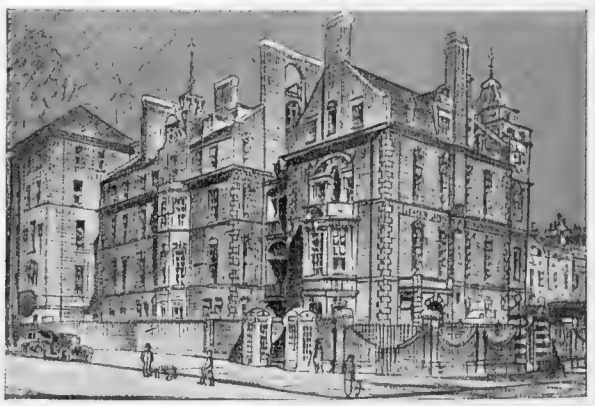
In 1870 Doctor Garrett Anderson was elected to the Marylebone School Board, gaining a majority of 48,000 votes over Professor Huxley; and about this time she was also elected Mayor of Aldeburgh—the first woman to gain this distinction. In 1871 she married Mr. J. G. S. Anderson of the Orient Line. She had two children, Doctor Louisa Garrett Anderson, who was in charge of the Endell St. Hospital during the War; and Sir Alan Anderson, Member of Parliament for the City of London. After her marriage Doctor Garrett Anderson still continued her work with even greater zeal, and devoted herself to the study and treatment of diseases of women and children.

DR. ANDERSON'S SON AND DAUGHTER: Childhood portraits of Sir Alan Anderson, (*left*)—Conservative M.P. for the City of London, a director of the Suez Canal Company, and chairman of the Hospital Saving Association, and Dr. Louisa Anderson (*right*), who achieved distinction during the war as joint organiser and surgeon of the Women's Hospital Corps, Voluntary Unit

In 1899 the hospital again had to find larger premises, and this time it moved to its present site in the Euston Road. In addition, it has the Rosa Morison House of Recovery at New Barnet, where patients are drafted after treatment at the hospital to find renewed strength in country surroundings.

C. G.

EASTER SUNDAY 1910: Elizabeth Garrett Anderson with Boy Scouts at Aldeburgh, the Suffolk town of which she became Mayor, being the first woman in England to be appointed to such an office



THE ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON HOSPITAL AS IT IS TO-DAY: An institution that is in urgent need of funds to provide better accommodation for its nursing staff

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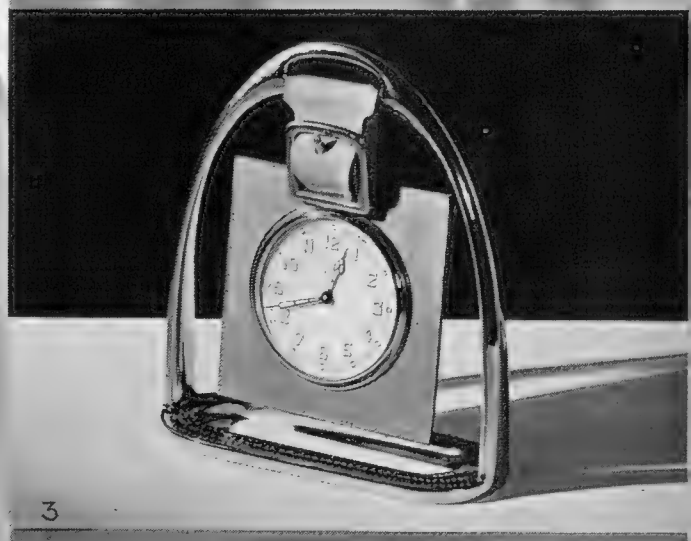

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5. Beautifully small travel clock in a leather-covered metal case. Fitted with 8-day jewelled lever movement. Blue, green or brown. Height 3½ ins. Width 2 ins. **£2.17.6**

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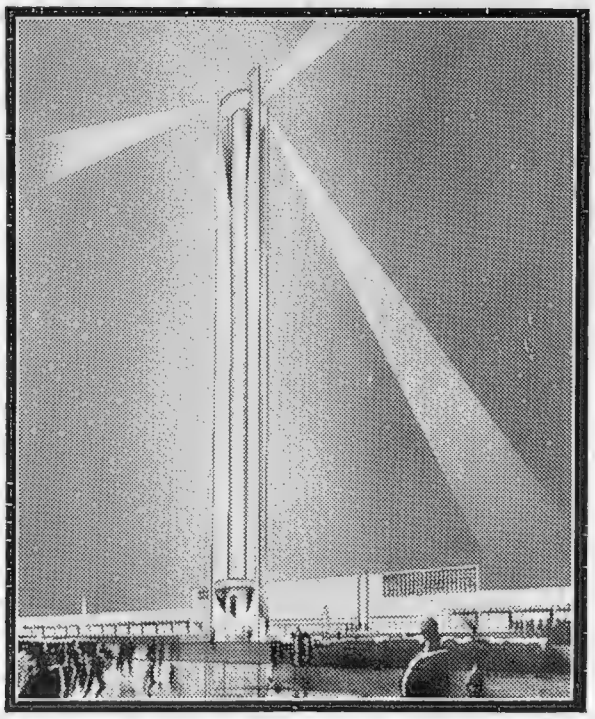

A 200 feet illuminated tower in the Exhibition Grounds which will be visible over a distance of 70 miles.

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SOUTH AFRICA'S

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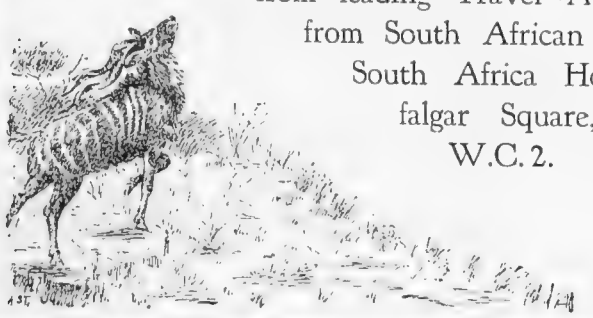
This year in Johannesburg — the commercial capital of South Africa—the greatest Empire Exhibition since Wembley opens its doors for a period of four months.

The occasion offers a unique opportunity to study at first hand the immense trade resources of the African Continent and to assess the enormous commercial potentialities of this vast and fertile land, where both commerce and industry have made giant strides during the past ten years.

Apart from the business aspect of the Exhibition, there is much of a cultural and educational value, and a series of "Exhibition Tours" has been specially planned for business and holiday visitors. The itinerary includes some of Africa's most amazing scenic spectacles; a background of infinite variety is enlivened by the fascinating native life.

Special and very advantageous inclusive fares, ranging from £65 (Tourist) upwards, are in operation for visitors to South Africa during the Exhibition period. Full particulars may be had from leading Travel Agencies or from South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.



The World of Books

C. R. Benstead Traces the History of the Atlantic Ferry: Dr. Struensee, Central Figure in a Danish Political Drama

By VERNON FANE

THE other day, when the *Queen Mary* steamed slowly up the Hudson after her first Atlantic crossing she was given a memorable welcome by the most hospitable nation in the world. Since the home-coming of Lindbergh New York Harbour had not been the scene of such excitement. The tall sprays of water from the fire boats ranked along the docks were like a triumphal arch at a wedding. Every tug and ferryboat within miles added its hoarse siren whistle to the clamour. Aeroplanes circled round the ship, some of them carrying announcers who were broadcasting to the rest of the world that the newest and most miraculous ship of all had come safely to berth. From the top of a skyscraper, seventy storeys up, commentators watched her through powerful glasses, and told anyone who cared to listen that "the great white promenade deck had a myriad windows."

That was in the summer of 1936, but some little time ago, or in 1786 to be precise, a Mr. John Fitch had had very roughly the same idea, and had launched upon the Delaware river a boat "to work against streams" in which the principle of steam engines was used. "This, sir," wrote Mr. Fitch in perfect confidence and truth, "will be the mode of crossing the Atlantic in time for packets and armed vessels."

Unfortunately, Mr. Fitch never achieved either the success or the financial support that he deserved, and was in fact regarded as well-meaning but unhinged. He committed suicide eventually, and it was not until twenty-one years later that the first steam packet, a full-rigged ship with auxiliary steam, made a successful crossing from Savannah to Liverpool. From those days to the days of the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary* is a very far cry, and in that time the comfort and speed of ocean travel have altered out of all recognition (to the great relief of ocean travellers!).

In ATLANTIC FERRY (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) Mr. C. R. Benstead has traced this progress from the days before the Cunarder *Russia*, a fine ship of 492 tons, gained the blue ribbon of the Atlantic, to the proud moment when Her Majesty Queen Mary launched "the stateliest ship now in being" into the waters of the Clyde.

Dr. Struensee, the subject of Herr Robert Neumann's new novel, THE QUEEN'S DOCTOR (Gollancz. 8s. 6d), was one of the most remarkable figures of the eighteenth century. In every phase of his life he was destined to be in advance of contemporary thought, and eventually it was this that brought about his brutal execution. Before that time, and by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, he had managed to win the favour, and finally the complete dependence, of the frail King Christian of Denmark. By affection, as well as by the sheer power of his mind, he dominated the King, and he was able to put into practice the teaching of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose *Contrat Social* had just been published. and who was not to be recognised in France till a score of years later.

Struensee's reforms in Denmark were of every character; he abolished torture, made laws so much less hard that "some seventy hangmen could be dismissed," gave ministers their *congé*, provided food and shelter for the poor, and hospitals for the sick, and repealed many of the iniquitous taxes. In consequence there was a period during which Struensee and the King were equally loved and respected by the people. The change was fatal, and it was brought about by Matilda, the English girl who had married Christian. She and Struensee fell deeply in love with each other, Christian became aware of it, and with typical if touching weak-mindedness gave Struensee full powers of dictatorship and went into half-insane retirement.

The final downfall of Struensee and the Queen was engineered by the King's stepmother, (who must surely be the wicked stepmother of legend), and who sentenced one to death and one to banishment. Years later England avenged this insult when their fleet captured the Danish navy and bombarded Copenhagen.

Matilda, Struensee, and the King are all dramatic figures in the sense that they were actors in a great political drama, and, for a little more, they would have had our sympathy and even our pity. Unfortunately, they lack that breath of life that would have transformed them from puppets.

A PICTURE WITH A MORAL: A delightful woodcut from the first edition of *The Shyp of Folys*, a work issued in London in 1509 by Richard Pynson and which will be offered for sale at Sotheby's on July 1 together with other rare and valuable books illustrating the history of printing. The inscription in black letter describes the folly of a man who is unable to keep a secret from his wife

"Adventures," as Mr. Disraeli once wrote, with a handsome regard for the truth and very little originality, "are for the Adventurous."

Adventures are also, with great respect to Lord Beaconsfield, for the Armchair Adventurous, those timid souls who, book in hand, enjoy the vicarious thrills of climbing mountains and stumbling through jungles. (The great advantage, of course, is that the Armchair Adventurer never gets bitten by the outlandish insects which attack all the best globe-trotters.)

Mr. James Stead, being a traveller of the most intrepid kind, has in the course of his wanderings, been attacked by the most singular creatures, whereas I, who have read and enjoyed his very exciting TREASURE TREK (Routledge. 12s. 6d.) have not a scar to show for it.

In the course of a few years, Mr. Stead, who obviously feels the need for the personal element in adventure, has dragged enormous pieces of machinery over Bolivian mountains, dug for buried Inca treasure, gutted fish on one of the northern-most lakes in Canada, shot the rapids (both up and down), staked out a claim on a copper-bearing island and got shot at for his pains, hunted moose 8,000 feet up in the Rockies and, when that palled, hunted for Montezuma's treasure in the unbelievably venomous forests of Guatemala.

One of these exploits would have

(Continued on page 486)

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C.F.H. 145

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 484)

been enough to colour the life of an average man, and to win him the envied position of club story-teller on his return home. Mr. Stead progressed from one to another in a matter of months, and can still, *mirabile dictu*, write about them as engagingly and as modestly as if they had happened to some other person.

"Although the Red Queen screamed 'Faster! Faster!' to Alice, the most curious part of the thing was that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all; however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything."

Miss E. M. Delafield's heroine, in spite of her startling efficiency, was in just that strange position in **FASTER! FASTER!** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) Claudia could run an office, bring up children, support a family which included a jobless husband, compose crossword puzzles for weekly papers, make friends with intellectual young men, and run a country house, but her own life, and her relationships with the people who were nearest to her never advanced an inch. In fact, as in the immortal *Alice*, she had to run very fast to keep things in the same place at all.

Claudia was one of those strange women who have dramatised themselves beyond the reach of truth. Even when she was analysing her reactions as clearly as possible, she had an equally clear picture of herself as a fair-minded and unprejudiced person, capable of that analysis. Her actions, her thoughts, even her instincts were regulated to the picture she had of her life. In fact, she kidded herself, and because she had kidded other people so long and so successfully, the manufactured character began to have truth for her, and all spontaneity was gone.

Claudia was an advanced case. Perhaps two people understood what she was doing to herself. One of them certainly was her embittered husband, whose words summed up the whole situation. "You may do all the right things . . . but you do them for the wrong reasons." Claudia was naturally impervious to that. Such things did not hurt because they were not true, she reasoned with her usual admirable clarity, and she proceeded briskly to spoil his chances of finding a job, to send her daughter's lover away, and to refuse to let her other daughter go to America with her aunt. It is Miss Delafield at her most serious, but since none of her books could ever lack her own gentle humour, there is a delightful friend of the family, whose observant criticisms give the whole story its flavour.

In these days when vastly popular books are written down and around the garden path, and bright young journalists are even turning their spiritual enthusiasms into best-sellers, it is high time that somebody with a competent pen should do the same thing for those countless people who love music in one form or another.

ART AND PHILATELY: Albrecht Dürer's famous "Madonna and Child" painting in the Vienna Museum, and (inset top left) the new Austrian stamp upon which it has just been reproduced and for which there has been a tremendous demand

EVERLEY GREGG, who is appearing in Noel Coward's *To-night at 8.30* show now nearing the end of its run at the Phœnix. She hails from Ayrshire, thereby adding to the reputation for intelligent acting of Scottish players on the West End stage

Most people, unless they are as tone deaf as the late Lord Birkenhead, have sentimental musical memories, (we all know the tune that reminds us of something). A great many love it for reasons unexplainable by the jargon used by those who habitually write about music. **MUSIC, MY LOVE!** (Barker. 7s. 6d.) by Charlotte Haldane will be read, appreciated, and delighted in by all who love music not being able to give any technical reasons why, as well as by those who know the works of Professor Schönberg without being too *blasé* about it.

Mrs. Haldane writes as an enthusiast and with a wide enough knowledge of her subject to meet the grimmest highbrow on his own ground, but with a gusto and a fund of good stories and anecdotes which every concert-goer and everyone who has ever hung over the top rail at Covent Garden, or listened to the municipal string orchestra or military band on a wet Thursday afternoon will enjoy.

I could quote her stories, of the amateur conductor and the leader of the strings who threatened, "If you stop us again, we shall play what you conduct," or of the old lady at the ballet who exclaimed, "How graceful they are . . . even the men are just like fairies," or I could take you to the peak of what she calls the listener's Everest, there to find the Ninth Symphony in strange company with Wordsworth. Not so strange perhaps, since by then we are so far infected by Mrs. Haldane's passion that we can take the poem whole to the glorious beat of that immortal and romantic work.

Even the devotees of "swing" music will find an appositely pointed chapter well within their insistent rhythm. A new, original, and highly enjoyable book.

Fishing is another passion, and those who indulge in it will need no introduction to "Salfario," otherwise Mr. R. Sinclair Carr. **ALEXANDER AND ANGLING** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is not only full of humour and wise philosophy on many fascinating facets of a delightful subject, but it is charmingly and divertingly illustrated by Mr. Roy Beddington.

ADVENTURES IN INVESTING (Hogarth Press. 5s.), by "Securitas," is by the financial editor of *Time and Tide*, and is "intended as a guide to the fundamentals of investment, more particularly for the small investor, whose ignorance in such matters led to his taking the lion's share of the losses in the great slump."

"Securitas" writes pleasantly and colloquially, and with conviction enough to engender the hope that one may read him with as much profit as pleasure.

BOOKS RECEIVED: STANLEY PAUL.—ODD CORNERS IN ENGLISH LAKELAND. By William T. Palmer. Illustrated. New and revised edition. 6s. WHOM THE GODS LOVE. By Zoila Stables. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—TWO MEN FOUGHT. By Alan Gould. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—MYSTERY AT MILFORD HAVEN. By Taffrail. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—THE MAN WITHOUT A HOME. By Rupert Hughes. 7s. 6d.

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Building Chelsea's New Bridge

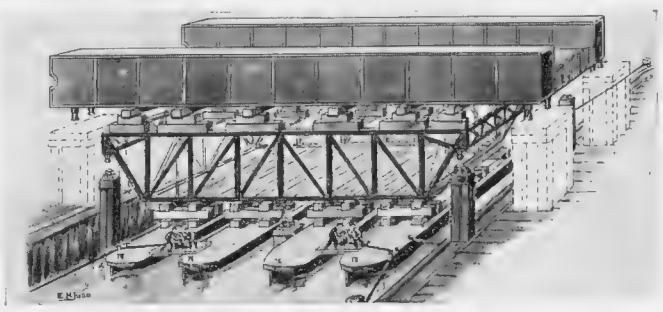
The Tide Employed to Float the Spans into Position on Barges—A Remarkable Engineering Feat

ART OF THE BRIDGE-BUILDER: Tugs manœuvring one of the spans of the new Chelsea Bridge across the river from the point where it was assembled to its final position—a task that was completed without a hitch in the remarkably short space of fifty minutes. The steel structure was supported on four large barges

IF you happened to have been crossing the River Thames at Chelsea last Sunday about 3.15 p.m. you might have noticed a great steel structure erected and apparently fixed alongside the Battersea bank of the river. Having leisurely strolled, say, round to Vauxhall Bridge, across that, and back along the Grosvenor Embankment to Chelsea Bridge again, you would have been somewhat startled. For on that side, where only an hour previously there had been an open gap between the two river piers for the new Suspension Bridge, you would have seen what looked like a great chunk cut out of the Waterloo steel temporary bridge filling up half that gap. How on earth did it get there?

It rather reminds one of the old story told, with some variations, of the American visitor to London who had been boasting to his guide about the big things they did in the States. On coming to the Houses of Parliament he asked what that building was. His guide, rather piqued at the visitor's boastfulness and wishing to get a bit of his own back, is said to have replied, "Don't know, sir, but it wasn't there last night." Perhaps a little exaggerated, but that impression in a mild form might have presented itself to the onlooker.

What had happened? Taking advantage of a quiet Sunday afternoon with little traffic on the river, Messrs. Holloway Brothers, Ltd., the contractors for this work as well as for the new Bank of England building, Hampton Court Bridge, and others, had done a little spot of work.



HOW IT WAS DONE: A diagrammatic drawing of one of the four Chelsea Bridge spans before being floated into position. It was assembled on timber above a frame of steel girders and, at low tide, four barges were placed beneath the frame. As the waters rose the barges gradually took the 550-ton weight of steel and they were then drawn by tugs to the bridge site where the span was placed between the piers

By making use of the silent, irresistible power of the tide, the towering structure referred to, weighing some 550 tons, and securely fixed to four 200-ton barges braced together had, near the top turn of the tide, been lifted up a few feet, then towed across the river into its new position and moored there. Both at start and finish the clearance between it and the temporary piling stages on either side was only a matter of inches, like a great lock gate, but not a bump occurred or hardly a scratch of paint.

Within a very short time the now falling tide gently lowered the whole mass till the 400-ton bridge section itself settled on to its end supports, allowing the undercarriage and barges to drop farther with the tide and then be towed away, leaving the great girders alone spanning the 176 ft. expanse of water. The main job itself took only 50 minutes, and the whole operation well within the strictly scheduled pre-arranged time table. No fuss of any kind was evident, and scarcely a sound but the occasional orders called out by those in control.

It reflected the greatest credit on the contractors as well as Messrs. Rendel, Palmer and Tritton, the consulting engineers for this bridge and the new Waterloo one, and by whose courtesy we were permitted to inspect the whole proceedings on site. The drawings and illustrations show how it was carried out.

The new Chelsea Bridge, which will cost somewhere in the neighbourhood of £450,000, takes the place of the old structure which from the point of view of stability was never regarded as an outstanding success. The latter was begun in 1851, but owing to lack of funds and uncertainty regarding its fitness for carrying traffic, it was not opened for another seven years. During the present operations a temporary steel bridge has been erected for the use of foot passengers, many of whom wish to cross the river to Battersea Park, but vehicles have been obliged to make a short detour.

Edwin H. Judd

THE SPAN BEING TOWED TO THE BRIDGE SITE: Another picture taken during the work of manœuvring which was accomplished last Sunday afternoon, this being the best possible time when there was little or no traffic on the river and the operation could be carried through unhindered. The contractors responsible for the work are Messrs. Holloway Bros., Ltd.

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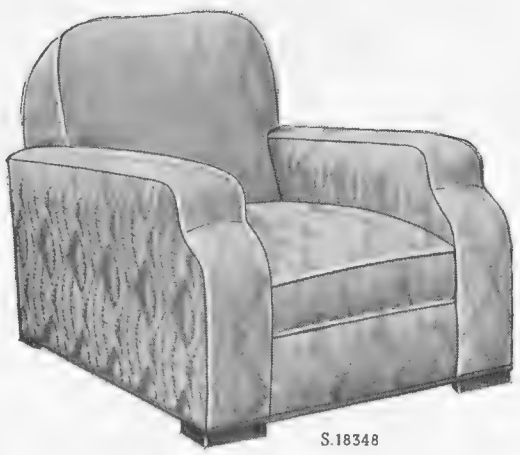

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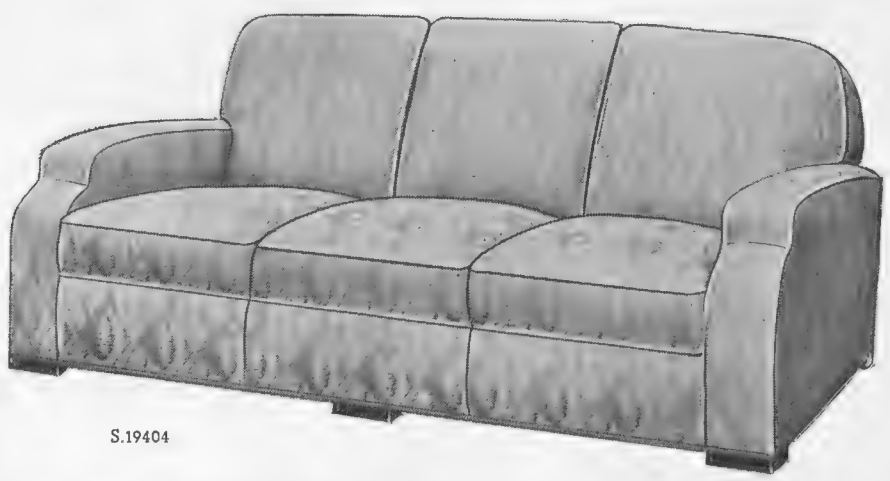

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CONTINUATIONS

TURKEY'S WICKET GATE

(Continued from page 458)

manned by 5,000 men and officers, figures which will be increased with the use of an additional £T2,000,000 voted this year by the National Assembly. For, although the terms of the Treaty of Lausanne forbid the refortification of the Straits, not, however the building of roads in that district, Turkey is free to acquire battleships—forming a force incomparably greater than the three foreign units of 10,000 tons allowed by the Treaty terms to pass through the Dardanelles.

The protection of that wicket gate has never been far from the mind of Ankara. It is felt that circumstances are to-day so different from those of 1923 that the case for refortification at least needs reviewing. But visitors who, having been to Aya Sofia, seen the Mosques of Suleiman and Sultan Ahmed, and observed that while porters have a hard time of it the pigeons are definitely pampered, take a boat, say to the Princes Islands, are less concerned with navies than with the delights of an island where at least one traveller "used to transfix with a three-pronged spear a crab or lobster as it scuttled along in the transparent shallows."

Heybeli, the "bag-shaped" island of this group is surrounded with copper coloured cliffs. And at the most exposed point, where sea breezes blow up from the distant Aegean, stands a building of surprising modernity. Its long concrete balconies look down on a bay where fishermen, their breeches girdled with sashes, throw stones into the water to startle the fish into their nets. It is the only way to make them stir—the peace and solitude of that island and its new sanatorium are otherwise complete.

Ismet Pasha, Prime Minister of Turkey, has a house here. A number of monks are scattered between several monasteries. It is a spot where the Sultan Mahmoud II "went for a revel, sending for the island beauties and making merry like a feudal lord." It is remarkable for the number of Greeks there, Greek youths selling great bunches of wild flowers to visitors.

The Bosphorus has her mosques, palaces, ruins, old wooden houses, sailing craft, modern vessels, delightful islands, and even factories. There is one thing she lacks—a bridge, though it may be that the union of Europe and Asia will be sweeter for remaining a while in suspense.

ACADEMIC HONOURS: Professors of Philosophy filing past the presidential dais after receiving new laurel wreaths in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation at Helsingfors University, Finland. *Right*—New philosophy graduates, also crowned with wreaths in traditional fashion, processing to the Cathedral for a special service

CABARET

(Continued from page 474)

Meantime there is, as there always has been, a tremendous dearth of clever girl cabaret turns. There are so few comediennes. It was only a few months ago that the Café de Paris hired Gertrude Lawrence herself as a cabaret turn. But the two turns that every hotelier and restaurant manager in London wants to secure at the moment are Veloz and Yolanda. They are getting £1,000 a week in New York. But even with all this prosperity in London they are too expensive. The only possibility would be if, as has happened in the past, the Palladium shares with one of the hotels or restaurants and splits the expense. Recently, however, the Palladium has specialised in crazy shows with local talent, with the result that far fewer outstanding music hall-cum-cabaret turns have been imported from abroad. The latest news, however, is that Grosvenor House has signed up the De Marcos who were getting £600 in New York. So perhaps even Veloz and Yolanda may be seen over here.

already been to the play and possibly a revue or musical comedy will not want to be compelled to spend yet another hour in watching a full dress spectacle. This remains to be seen. So far the London Casino seems to have justified itself. The tired business man is rolling up there with his friends to the tune of £7,000 a week. But will it last?

At the Paris offices of *The Sketch*, *The Illustrated London News*, THE SPHERE, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of these publications may be read.

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In these days of crises, charitable institutions find it very hard to obtain funds necessary to carry on their work. The Shaftesbury Homes need a large sum every day to feed their 1,100 children. Will readers of THE SPHERE send donations to help this great work of caring for the young, and training them so that they may become useful men and women. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

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Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

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Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Lausanne-Ouchy.—Meurice Hotel.—On the Lake. 100 Beds. Best First Class. New prices for 1936, 10 Frs. daily. Garden. Garage.

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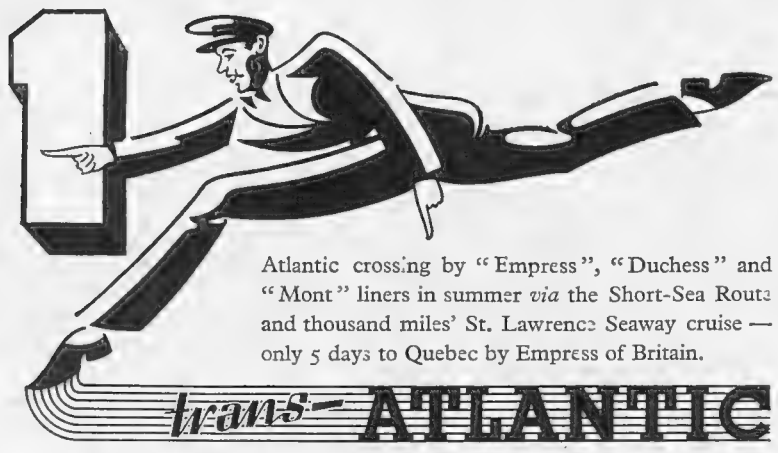

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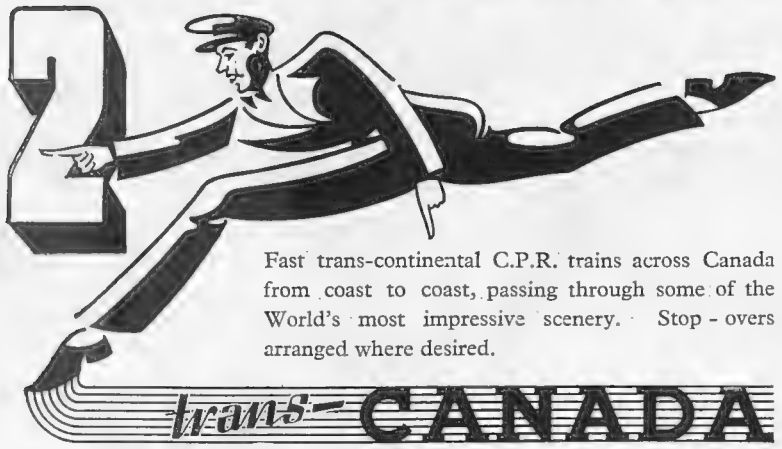

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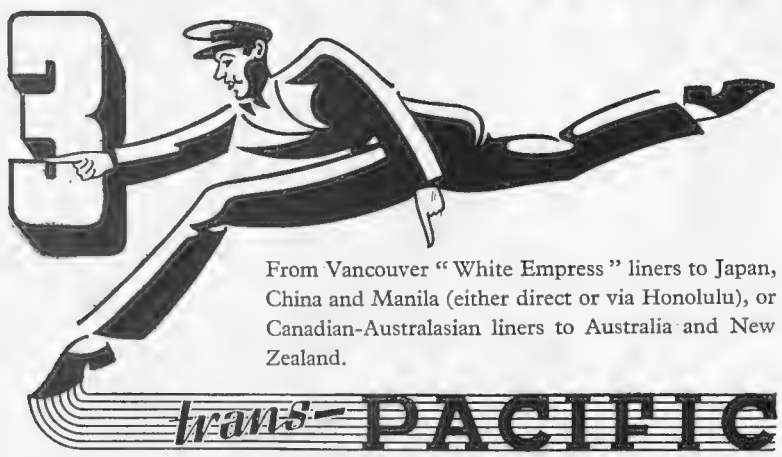

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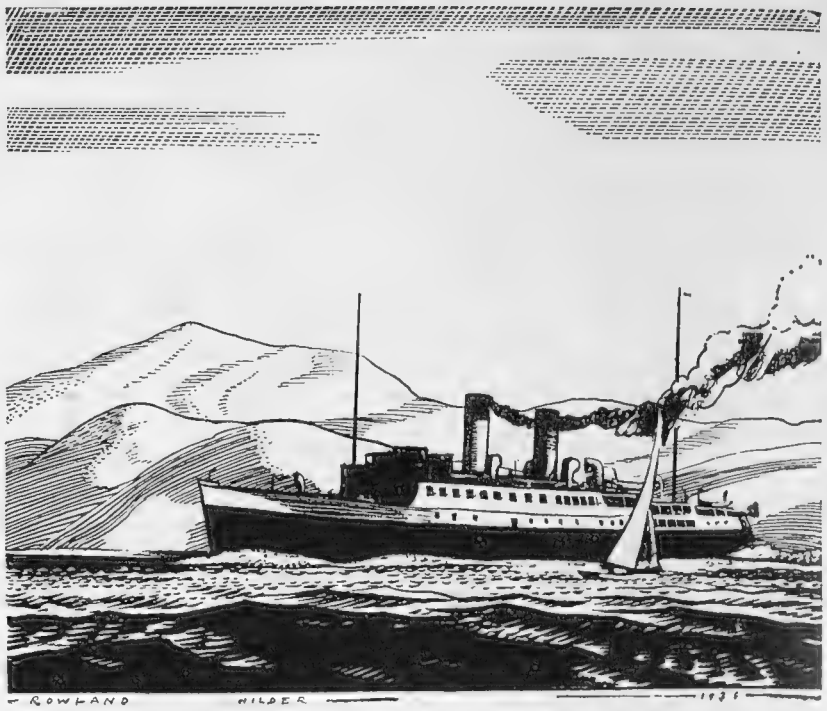

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Travel to Scotland by any of the famous expresses with a Monthly Return Ticket at a penny a mile (three-halfpence a mile first class). You can break your journey at any station on the route if you desire to, both going and coming back, and the tickets are available for a calendar month in either direction. In many parts of Scotland you can obtain Weekly Holiday Season Tickets at varying rates from 7s. 6d. upwards, and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

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The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies:

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"LAND OF SCOTT AND BURNS" "CLYDE AND LOCH LOMOND"
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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Oberammergau's Austrian Rival—A Notable Concession for Motorists Visiting Switzerland

A Little-Known Austrian Passion Play.—The Germans undertook such intensive propaganda for the last two performances of the Oberammergau Passion Play (they were in 1930 and 1934) that its fame is now world-wide. Not many people, however, have heard of Thiersee, where this summer the 600-year-old Tyrolese Passion Play is being given once a week until the end of September. Thiersee is itself a fascinating village, lying in the mountains away to the north-west of Kufstein, which is on the Austro-Bavarian frontier. As at Oberammergau, there is a large, covered auditorium, and the stage itself has a natural background of fine scenery. Anyone who loves Austria, and to whom the naturalness and charm of Austrian peasant culture appeal, will do well to think about including Thiersee in his holiday itinerary this year.

Petrol Prices in Switzerland.—On June 1 a new concession came into force for motorists spending three days or more in Switzerland. They can now obtain their petrol at a reduction of 30 per cent. on the normal price, and will be able to go on doing so until the end of December. The system operates like this: Upon entering the country by car you are handed a "petrol form," which you present for endorsement at every station where you fill up. Then, on leaving the country, you hand this form to the Customs authorities, who make a cash refund of 13 centimes per litre of petrol purchased up to 300 litres (60 gallons). This represents a saving of 11d. per gallon, and brings the price of petrol in Switzerland down to 2s. per gallon at the present rate of exchange.

Weekends in the Vosges.—The Vosges mountains are becoming a fashionable week-ending district for Parisians, and "week-end tickets" at specially reduced rates are now available on the Chemins de Fer de l'Est d'Alsace et de Lorraine. These tickets are valid from midday on Friday until midnight on Tuesday, and come to about half the price of two one-way tickets. For people who are staying any length of time in Paris, therefore, and would like to see something of another part of France inexpensively, this offers a good opportunity. The illustrated guide for 1936 of the Chemins de Fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine, moreover, tells you just where to go and what to see in the Vosges.

SPRING IN THE UPPER SPREEWALD: Journeying by punt on the network of waterways that is such a feature of this wooded and marshy district near Berlin, where the River Spree divides into a hundred or more branches. Some of the villages are only accessible by water, and there the Wendish population has retained both its original dialect and customs

HOLY RELICS OF THE CHURCH: Possessions of almost priceless value in the treasury of the Cathedral of Esztergom, seat of Dr. J. Seredi, Cardinal-Archbishop and Prince Primate of Hungary. One of the most important relics is a Mount Calvary, once the domestic altar of King Matthias Corvinus—a Florentine work preserved there ever since 1494

THE GATE OF VINDOBONA: This magnificent relic of the Roman settlement on the Danube can be reached by steamer from Vienna

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

GREAT BRITAIN: A Surrey holiday.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay writes as follows to a Dublin reader:

Surrey is a very lovely county, and you would enjoy a holiday there. My book *Let's Halt Awhile* should help you to some extent, and I enclose details.

As you specifically ask for good class hotels, not too expensive, in country districts, near river and woodland scenery, I can strongly recommend the following:—

Weybridge: Oatlands Park Hotel.—Very first class; situated in a lovely district, and the inclusive reasonable terms include golf, tennis, squash, badminton, swimming, dancing, etc. I have asked Mr. G. S. Stacey, the manager, to send you further particulars.

Chertsey.—I know of no hotel there that I can recommend.

Farnham District.—There is an excellent hotel on the Hogs Back called the Hogs Back Hotel which is about three miles from Farnham. I can also recommend the Huts Hotel at Hindhead. Both these are owned by Catering Houses Limited, and I have asked the Secretary to send you details. Of course, you are rather departing from the river here, as both places are some 800 ft. up, but it is most lovely country for woodland scenery and walks.

Guildford.—I should not recommend Guildford itself; the hotels there are on the main street, so are rather noisy. Godalming is only about four miles away, and there is a very nice hotel there called the Lake Hotel, which I can strongly recommend. Mr. Alan Rudd is the proprietor, and he will be sending you particulars.

If you care to write to me further after getting particulars from these various hotels, I shall be pleased to answer any further questions you may wish. [Ref. A.C.1. May 22.]

GERMANY: The Pretty Isle of Rügen.

Thank you for your letter requesting information about Rügen. We think you would like Binz on the island of Rügen. There is excellent bathing, and it is a good centre from which to visit other parts of Rügen. There are several good hotels—the Dünenhaus is perhaps the best, but the Am Meer and Esplanade are also very good. As you would like to go by boat, and if you decide to go after the Olympic Games, we suggest you take the train from Berlin to Stettin, and from Stettin by boat to Binz. There is a daily service from June 20 to August 29. The train leaves Berlin at 8.40, arrives Stettin 10.28; and the boat leaves Stettin at 11 a.m. and arrives at Binz at 7 p.m.

If you decide to go direct from London, the best route is via the Hamburg-America Line to Hamburg, train from Hamburg to Travemünde (one hour) and steamer from Travemünde to Binz. We enclose a list of sailings to Hamburg and we are informed that there are also daily steamer connections Travemünde—Binz.

You should obtain your registered marks before leaving England and we enclose a card to English-Transcontinental Ltd., who can obtain these for you, should you so desire. [Ref. E.B. 51]

SWEDEN: Suggestions for a Summer visit.

Your best route would be via the Swedish-Lloyd London-Gothenburg service; there are sailings every Wednesday and Saturday as shown on page eight of the enclosed booklet and there is a boat train from St. Pancras Station. If you wish to stay in Gothenburg we suggest you go to the Hotel Eggers. Probably, however, you will like to go direct to Stockholm and the best hotel there is the Grand. As you propose to stay some time in Sweden we imagine you would like to go to the coast, and we enclose a leaflet on Bastad where there is a very good hotel—the Skanegarden—at which one can stay from 10s. per day, plus 8s. per day full board. If this is too expensive it is possible to stay at the villas annexed to the hotel for from 5s. per day plus 8s. board.

A very much cheaper holiday could be spent at Tylosand. There is only one hotel—the Tylosands—at which the rates are from Sw. Kr. 7·50 per day inclusive; as the £1 is worth about 21s. this is approximately 7s. per day. Molle is also a delightful place and you could stay at A. Jonsson's Pension for Sw. Kr. 5·50 per day inclusive. There are no amusements beyond the bathing and those got up by the residents. [Ref. E.B. 56].

THE OLD JEWISH CEMETERY AT SARAJEVO with memorial stones of somewhat nondescript shape bearing inscriptions on their flat surfaces

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4 will be promptly answered

BLOSSOM TIME IN BAVARIA: A picturesque scene near the double bridge at Rothenburg on the Tauber, a German town of rare charm

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

An Early Holiday?

. . . then Bude! A Cornish summer at its best. Prices lower. Long hours of glorious Atlantic sunshine . . . golf, tennis, motoring, fishing (trout), surf-riding, shooting. Surely the realisation of your holiday-ideal when allied to the comfort and amenities of a very first-class hotel.

THE GRENVILLE HOTEL, BUDE

Second to none in Cornwall.
Brochure with pleasure from the Management.

CARLYON BAY—South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

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GLORIOUS SEA COAST.

THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL
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For full particulars apply to Dept. S, General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198; or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Sq., E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

THE GRAND HOTEL
CROMER

faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

Phone: Cromer 24 *Apply Manager.*

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Garage. Most convenient for motorists.

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Telephone: Dover 413.

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Royal Clarence Hotel
A.A. **EXETER** R.A.C.

. . . your first stopping place from London. A beautiful old Coaching House, whose walls reckon history in generations. Its comfort, its kitchens and its cellar spell solace to the weary traveller. Lift to all floors . . . running water. *Telephone: 4071-2. Telegrams: Royal Clarence, Exeter.* PLEASE WRITE FOR TARIFF AND ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

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FOLKESTONE

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close at hand. Hot and cold running water and central heating in bedrooms.

Telegrams: "Pavilion, Folkestone"

Telephone: Folkestone 3186

In Quest of

Unspoilt Holiday Resort between Mundesle

THERE is a small belt of Norfolk coast line which in scenic beauty and climate stands, as an unspoilt holiday centre, quite distinctively apart from its neighbours.

It may be said to commence with Mundesley, then along the coast to Overstrand, Cromer, East Runton, and Sheringham.

The pity of it is there are so many people in this country who, at the mere mention of the word "East" shudder, yet if facts were examined it would be found that in June and July the temperature on this part of the East Anglian coast is often as warm as, and sometimes warmer than, in other parts. Meteorological figures prove that a sunless day in June or July is practically unknown, whilst as for rain—well it just doesn't.

True, such a sunny, dry climate may be bad for crops, but it is good for holiday-makers, so if this year you are hesitating about your holiday, and wondering whether it is best to go early or late to make sure of better weather, let me recommend you to go now in June or during the first three weeks in July to Cromer or Sheringham, or failing these times the latter end of September. The main holiday period between should be left to those who cannot take their holidays at any other time.

FORTUNATELY there are, both in Cromer and Sheringham, excellently run hotels, and if ever two A.A. hotels deserved their four stars the Grand at Cromer and the Sheringham at Sheringham have earned them in full measure.

Which town and hotel to stay at is purely a matter of individual choice. Both can offer you good golf, tennis, bathing, and both are excellent centres for visiting the Norfolk Broads, historic Norwich, King's Lynn, Sandringham, and other well-known places. Both can offer you sands, sunshine, and sunsets, whilst as for crabs and lobsters—well, you will miss them when you go home.

WHILST both hotels are under entirely different ownership they each excel in catering for a good class family clientele, and Cromer and Sheringham know little, if anything, of the daily tripper.

There is something for all the members of the family to do at these places, and whatever they do results in prodigious appetites, and one does not have to be long at either place to realise what a really bracing holiday means.

Judging from the advanced bookings at both hotels, I believe that people are beginning to realise that besides coming home from their holiday looking tanned, they should return, as the Sheringham Hotel advertises, "fit to push a bus over" or "jump a five-barred gate"!

The Grand Hotel at Cromer stands right on the cliff side. It is a solid looking building, designed to stand the worst that winter can offer but to let all the sunshine in on spring and summer days. There is a happy atmosphere

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL
(Now Greatly Enlarged)
AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES. Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

on the Norfolk Coast Line and Sheringham

about the Grand; you are greeted by the staff as if they are really glad to see you, and on each of my visits Mr. A. E. Willins, the Grand's proprietor, seems to have just added some new improvement to keep the Grand bang up to date.

Like other first-class hotels the Grand now has a modern cocktail bar and ballroom, and for those who are primarily interested in good living let me whisper that there are some remarkably fine clarets on their wine list.

I always remember the first time I visited the Grand, I was impressed with the "grandeur" of the menus, but after a few days I should have been depressed if they had diminished in size, for such is the effect of the East Anglian air.

Sheringham is only about four miles from Cromer, and I had been much looking forward to a return visit to the Sheringham Hotel, for I had heard of the great improvements which had been made since my last visit, in decorations, furnishings, and modern comforts, and I was not disappointed.

There is a feeling of welcome on passing through the swing doors of the Sheringham, more potent than that of all the doormats in the world with "Salve" woven in their rugged faces. The clever colour scheme of the lounge, the gay and provocative illustrations on the walls, the red carpets and flowers in the lounge corridors, the sunlight from most windows, the friendly talkativeness of the armchairs and tables, the healthy countenance of the hall porter (who is sure to have seen you somewhere, be it on other portals or Vimy Ridge), all these things contribute to the cheerful welcome that awaits you at Sheringham.

I was glad to meet Mr. A. Gwynne-Browne, an Englishman whose wholehearted, progressive ideas in hotel management, and whose thorough Continental training and experience are reflected not only in the excellence of the menus and the smoothness of their service, but in the hundred and one details of good hotel keeping up, down, and below stairs which give the place the stamp of "first-class hotel."

The Sheringham is an ideal holiday hotel; if you are a golfer the first tee of the well-known Sheringham links is but three minutes from the front door. They have their own grass and En-tout-cas courts in the grounds.

Having some 120 rooms, all modernly fitted, being so close to the golf links, and having ample dining and ballroom accommodation, the Sheringham struck me as an admirable headquarters for golfing societies' spring and autumn meetings, and for smaller conferences.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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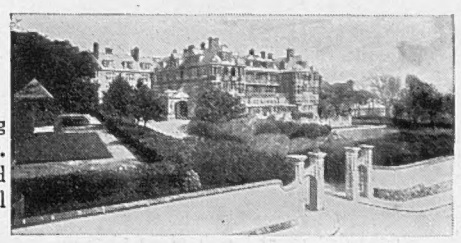

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OF TORQUAY

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So wrote Mr. Ashley Courtenay in "The Sphere" last month. Come NOW and test the truth of Mr. Courtenay's example, for now is one of the loveliest times of the year at Lincombe Hall Hotel. Motor runs to the Beauty Spots of Devon — Picnics on Dartmoor — Golf, Fishing, Bathing, Tennis and an *embarras de choix* of healthful pleasure. And at the end of the day . . . a very good night indeed. Write to S. B. Paul for Illustrated Brochure and Special Spring Terms to June 30th.

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There is something very delightful about Tunbridge Wells—a Town which moves with the times yet never gets out of tune with nature. Its Commons, its Pantiles, its Shops . . . always bright, clean and attractive. And at THE SPA HOTEL there is that solid comfort which is so expressive of Tunbridge Wells as a whole. This delightful Hotel faces the Commons and is set in sixty acres of Parkland, 400 ft. up. It caters for those who appreciate the good things of life, be they old or young. If you will write to S. Hancock, The Resident Director, he will be pleased to tell you how they can cater for you. The Telephone Number is Tunbridge Wells 1911.

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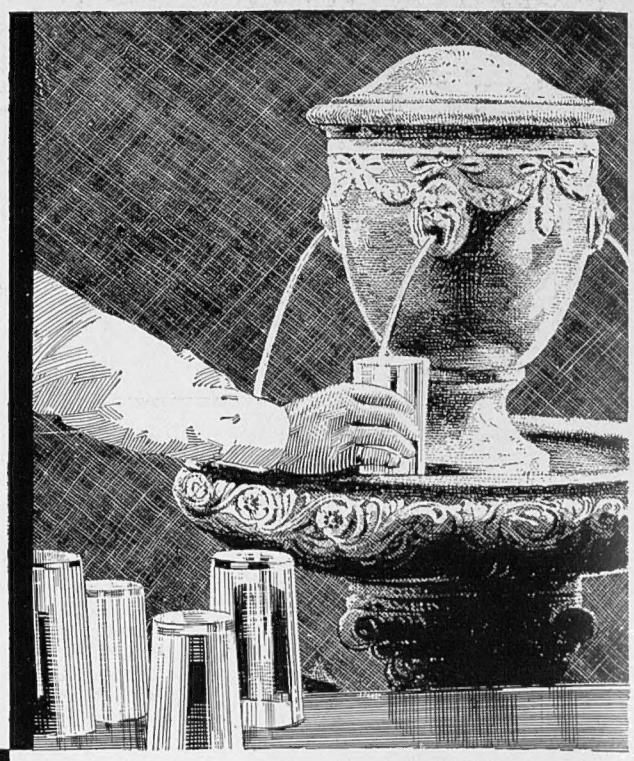

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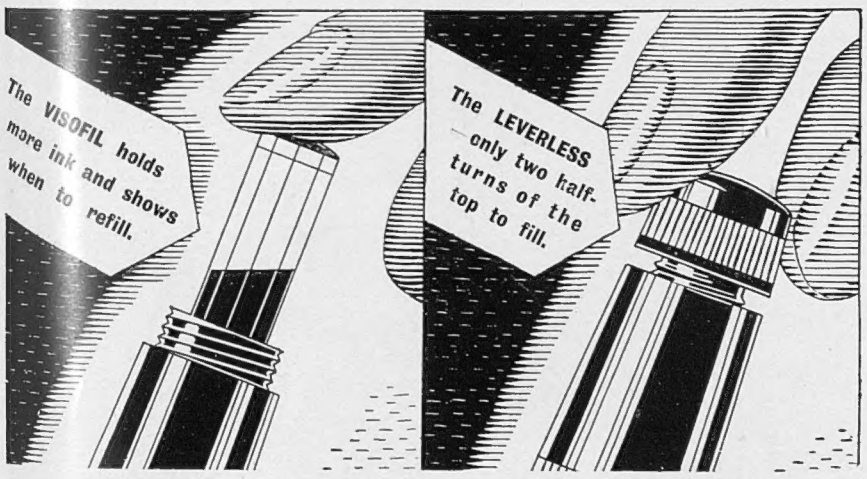

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